Saturday Review

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SR/RESEARCH
IENCE & HUMANITY

A SCIENCE FIRST | Dr. Gordon's Serious Thinkers (Page 42)

Think of a Man

"...think back on the men who have given history a forward thrust, an infusion of knowledge, an encounter with the beautiful."

An Editorial

THE MAIL I'VE SEEN . . . by John Steinbeck

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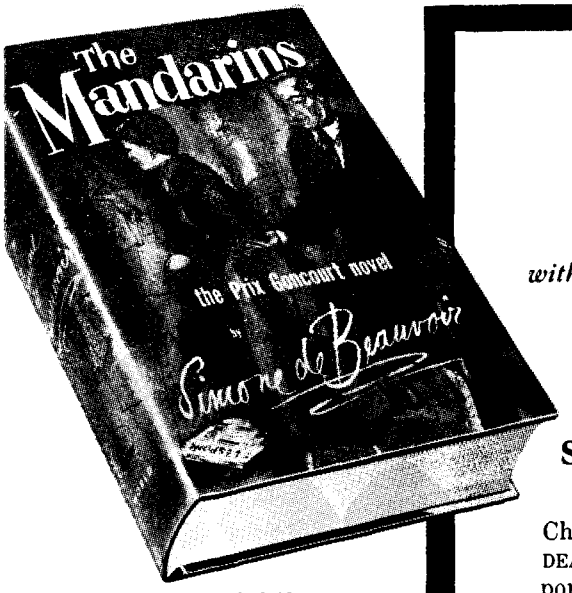

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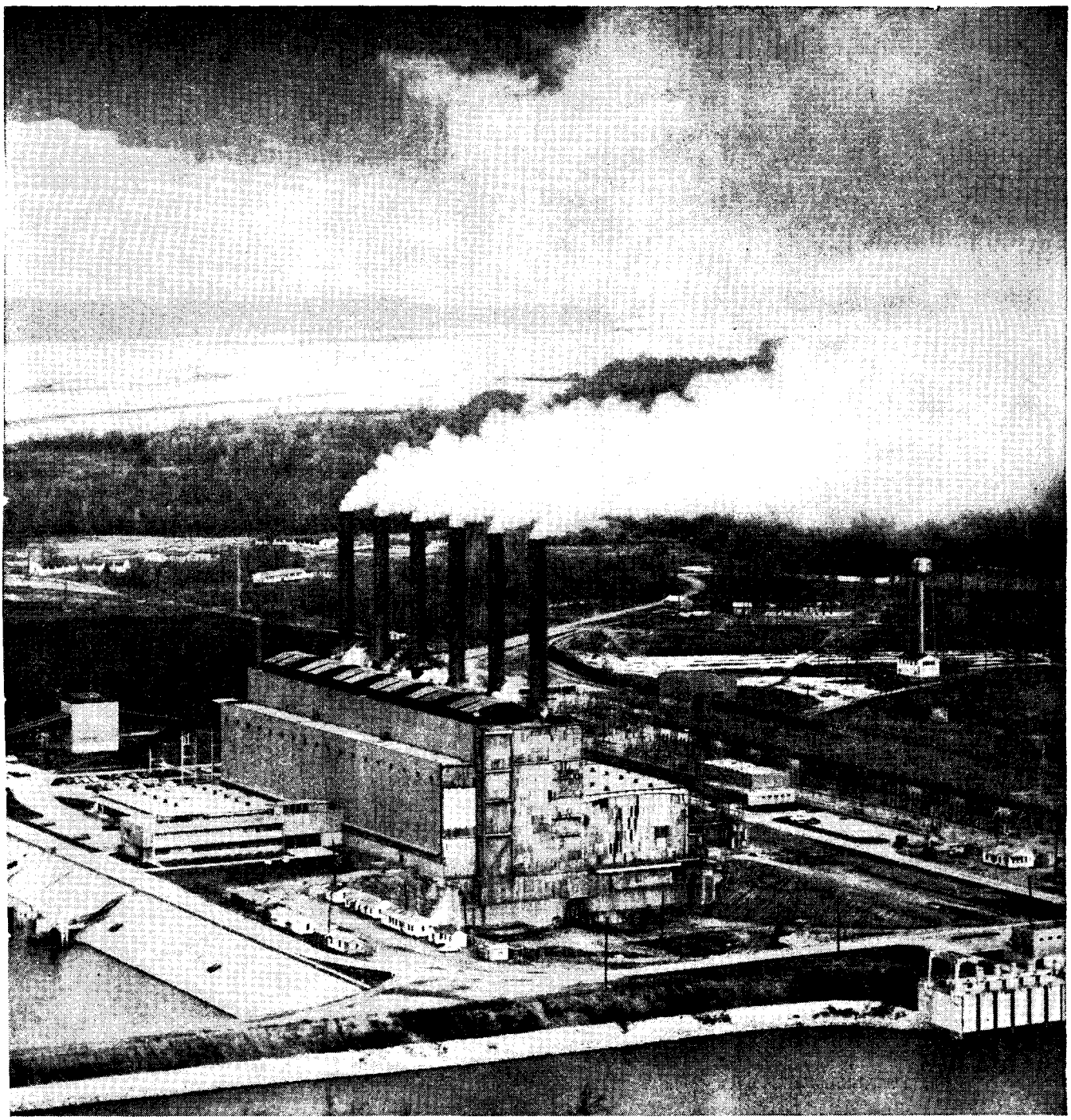

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The Saturday Review discovers:

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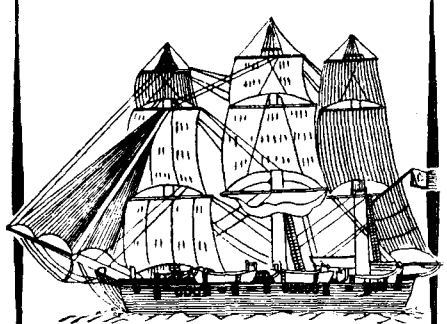
The man who discovered America



A factually true story that is also an engrossing tale of high adventure . . . offers the same kind of excitement that "Kon-Tiki" provided. On another level, if you look for overtones and listen for undercurrents "Manjiro" as a description of the earliest contacts between Americans and Japanese has a plangent grandeur that suggests the parabolic "A Single Pebble," by John Hersey.
— *Faubion Bowers, Saturday Review*

Hisakazu Kaneko

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TRADE Winds

ADDENDUM ON GBS: This might have been better timed in the special Centenary issue two weeks ago, but *anybody* can be on time with a hundred years to get prepared, and what's one little fortnight, anyway?

It's about taxes, Shavian taxes.

About three months ago, having already paid the British tax collector $505,598.98 from the GBS estate in the first five years after his death, Shaw's executors were notified of additional taxes for another $670,401—making a grand total of $1,175,999.

No comment.

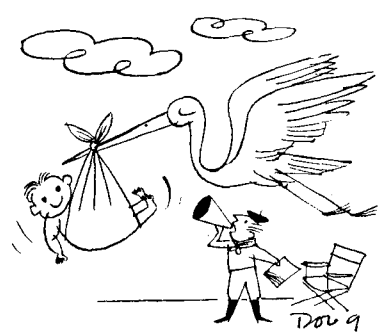
WHEN I FIRST HEARD that Columbia Pictures had bought "The Solid Gold Cadillac," by George S. Kauffman and Howard Teichmann, and that the role played by seventy-year-old Josephine Hull on the stage was to be made over for blonde young Judy Holliday, I threw a solid gold fit.

"That's Hollywood for you," I thought, profound as anything.

Well, I take it all back.

I just saw a preview of the movie, which will be released nationally some time next month, and despite a rather labored start the Hollywood switch had me in stitches.

The screenplay being by Abe Burrows may have been a mite helpful, not to speak of the performances delivered by Paul Douglas and the rest, but Judy as the naive ten-share-

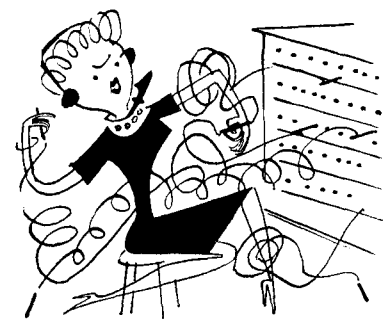


holder who finally takes over vast International Projects, Ltd., really is a riot.

Perhaps my risibilities are pushovers just now because her next picture, not to be seen until next year, also sounds hilarious to me. "Full of Life" is its name and it's about a character Hollywood has hardly ever touched, a pregnant woman. Hardly ever touched, I mean, sans sob on the sound-track and giant tear rolling down the Vistavision or Cinemascope screen. This pregnancy, I gather, is strictly for chortles.

Courage, Hollywood, courage!

WORK IN PROGRESS . . . Miss Holliday seems to be turning into TRADE WINDS' Favorite Daughter on this ballot, for I've just been talking to Betty Comden about "Bells Are Ringing," the



new musical she and Adolph Green wrote for Judy's return to the stage this fall.

It's about a telephone-answering service operator who is forever getting involved with her clients over their messages and their problems, and if ever a part sounded exactly right for a star this must be it.

The first time the team of Comden and Green wrote "material" just for Judy Holliday was back in 1939 when they were all in a night-club act, "The Revuers," playing the Village Vanguard and other little clubs. Ever since they've been "meaning to write a whole musical for Judy," but fame and success and commitments kept getting in their way.

Everybody's commitments, their own included. They wrote "On the Town" in 1944 and knew the unrepeatable thrill of "the first smash hit"—and then they wrote several others. Out in Hollywood on lush Metro contracts they collaborated on "Good News," "Singin' in the Rain," "The Band Wagon," "It's Always Fair Weather," and lots more right up to their still unproduced "Wonderland."

"That's the last of *that*," Betty Comden told me, "From here on no more long-term contracts with anybody—Adolph and I want to work on a one-show basis only. Less demanding. More freedom. Oh, you know."

A COUPLE OF ISSUES FROM NOW Viking Press will publish "Madame Solario," a long novel, author unstated.

It's bound to cause a lot of talk,

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for its central theme is an incestuous relationship; it will be called delicate and subtle and sensational and ele-

gant: I dare say some will denounce it either after or before reading it.

I myself have thus far read only about a hundred pages, about a quarter of it, but already I see why Malcolm Cowley wrote of it, "When one thinks of comparison great names occur to one's mind." He mentions Racine and Edith Wharton, "though Mrs. Wharton never wrote such a fury-haunted story."

Neither Racine nor Edith Wharton occurred to me; until I do finish the whole book I'm just cagey enough not to admit openly that its brilliant beginning, with its many characters, its manners, its cotillions and parties at Lake Como in 1906, kept reminding me of certain chapters by great Russian and French novelists. (I may recall this remark with gritted teeth later on, but there it is!)

"The author," says Viking Press, "has chosen to remain anonymous." If this is supposed to start a great

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 684

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 684 will be found in the next issue.

D QXXM ZJQDA JU

DU QAIDF D ZXGCXAF

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ZAP FX D OXGDV.—

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 683

Happiness is like time and space —we make and measure it ourselves. . . .

—GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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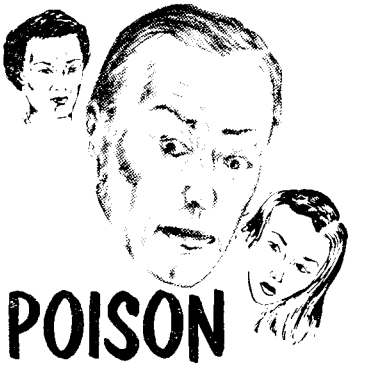

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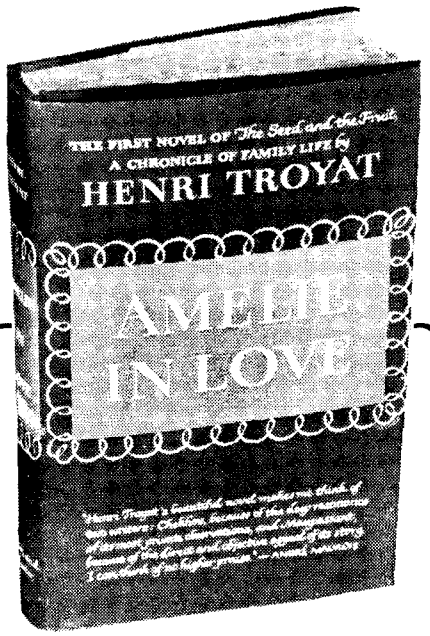

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By Henri Troyat

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guessing game as to the author's identity, sex, nationality, or age I will not join in it, and certainly Viking seems intent on maintaining the veil of anonymity. I do speculate, however, on the descriptive "new author," for it's hard to believe this novel a first work by anybody. And that *is* meant as a non-cagey tribute.

ANENT "ANON.," I did a little fast digging for other works that first appeared anonymously, with a large assist from my fellow-digger, Barbara Patterson, and between us we came up with some oddments:

Neither the Library of Congress nor the New York Public Library even has a catalogue listing for "Anonymous." The catalogue of the British Museum has, but only through the fourteenth century.

The Encyclopedia Britannica, discussing "Anonymous," says that over a thousand works have appeared by "A Lady," meaning—I feel confident—a thousand separate works by a thousand separate ladies.

Gender, however, has nothing to do with "Anon." In 1871 Thomas Hardy's first novel, "Desperate Remedies," was anonymous; fourteen years earlier "Tom Brown's Schooldays" (by Thomas Hughes) appeared, signed only by "An Old Boy," and thirty years before that, in 1827, "Tamerlane and Other Poems" came out, the work of "A Bostonian," not even a proper one, who later turned into Edgar Allan Poe.

"Boz," of course, was Charles Dickens in *The Morning Chronicle* sketches, but now I know I've always been wrong pronouncing it Bozz, like the Wizard of. "Boz," Dickens explained, "was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother whom I dubbed Moses, in honor of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' which being pronounced Bozes got shortened into Boz."

Skipping blithely forward about six decades to 1898, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" appeared first "by C.3.3.," and getting down to the present, "The Chalk Garden's" author, Enid Bagnold, signed her first great success, "Serena Blandish," perhaps as a variation on the Britannica's thousand: "By a Lady of Quality."

A dozen other "Anons.," naturally, will have popped into your head by now, and several of their first cousins, the Pseudonyms. Of these latter I have room to ask about only one. Scout's Honor, now, did you know that George Orwell was a pseudonym?

It was. His right name was Eric Blair. —LAURA Z. HOBSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 4, 1956

THINK OF A MAN

An Editorial

YOU ARE asked to think of a man. Think of someone, living or dead, whose life has enriched your own. Think back for a moment on the name or names that have given history a forward thrust, a sense of direction, an infusion of important knowledge, an encounter with the beautiful. Names connected to great ideas or causes or deeds or works of art.

You are asked to do this because an intimate relationship, all at once, has come to exist between the life of such a man and your own. The turn of events has now made you the custodian of all his works. For it is now in your power—power on a scale never before possessed by human beings—to protect and fulfil those great works and ideas or to shatter them beyond recognition or repair. There is no achievement in human experience, no record, no thing of beauty that cannot now be rescinded and all its benefits and traces swept into void. It is this that distinguishes our generation from all previous generations: we possess total authority not only over our own time but over all the ages and works of man. Earlier generations have had the power merely to affect history; ours is the power to expunge it.

We have managed somehow to unhinge the permanent. Everything that has occurred in history until now has suddenly acquired interim status. The mammoth struggles and sacrifices, strung together over a period of centuries, that have reduced barbarism and released the human individual for creative purpose—all these struggles are now fragile and uncertain as though they had never been won. It is in this sense that our time has become a grand concourse for all the great causes and experiences of the race, six thousand years of them, suddenly made tentative and unresolved because of the new reach of modern man.

Think of a man. Begin in medicine. Think of the long procession of great theorists and researchers whose work has overturned the old vital statistics that condemned nine out of ten men to a lifetime under forty years. Think of the advances built on this work that now make possible great new expectations of sixty years or more for the average man in a large part of the world. But think, too, that the cures for the life-shortening diseases can now be nullified because of political diseases far more menacing to health and longevity.

More specifically, think of men such as Vesalius or Harvey who took medicine out of the dark ages by contributing so mightily to the working knowledge of the human structure in general and of the bloodstream in particular. But the principal dangers to bone and bloodstream today are far beyond the reach of the great men of medicine to combat or correct. For our age has devised a supremely efficient method of altering and damaging the balances in bone and blood. This is not difficult. Nor is it necessary to individualize the process. The blood of millions of human beings can now be altered by a political decision to throw a single switch.

If you are still thinking of warriors for better health, think of a man like Robert Koch who pried open the

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secrets of the bacilli, revealing powerful enemies of man too small to be seen by the unaided eye, and marking out for special attack the bacillus that caused tuberculosis. Or other famous microbe hunters like Van Leeuwenhoek or Pasteur or Ehrlich or Claude Bernard or Hideyo Noguchi, whose combined researches gave focus to the intricate nature of disease as well as the way to attack it. Here, too, it is important to reflect that something infinitely smaller than the bacillus or virus has become infinitely more dangerous. Neutrons released by radioactivity—visible not even to the microscope—can now surround man, piercing thick walls to get at him, shooting through every part of his being, causing his organs to function crazily or not at all. The neutrons are not hypothetical. They exist. As many as are required to twist all life out of shape can now be put to work without delay. The towering medical discoveries could be meaningless alongside this reality.

Or perhaps you have been thinking of men like Mechnikov or Cohnheim who explored the world of the cells inside the human being—an ordered world with complex but stern requirements of its own. When excessive radiation enters this world it changes it and condemns it.

If the names that comes to your mind have to do with preventive medicine, names like Jenner or Lister or Semmelweiss or Agramonte or John Enders or Jonas Salk, consider that, while countless thousands have been spared smallpox or diphtheria or yellow fever or pellagra or poliomyelitis because of these medical pioneers, there are countless millions today who are totally vulnerable to the fundamental and massive threats to their health and safety represented by the combination of grandeur in science and anarchy in the world.

The names of the giants are endless. Domagk and Waksman and Fleming and Dubos; Freud and Breuer and Jackson and Jung and Brill and Chisholm; Cannon and Selye and Hench and Beck and Blalock—men of our time who have used the creative and disciplined intelligence for freeing mind and body for a longer and more purposeful existence. But, whether with respect to antibiotics or mental health or synthetic hormones or new surgical techniques, the victories in these fields can only be held in escrow until the basic health of society is assured. For when civilization itself goes insane the diagnosis and treatment of an individual are valiant but incomplete.

THINK of the men who have thought about the species of man—all the way from Aristotle and Bacon to Lamarck and Darwin and Wallace and Spencer. They tried to see man against the largest possible setting, which is to say, his natural one. And they were uninhibited in their approach. A question didn't have to have an answer, but if it was a good question it might produce three or four more questions related to it; and eventually a body of questions was formed which might add up to something.

The questions that Darwin asked had to do with the infinite variety of life but also with the basic similarities and relationships of living things. They led him to theories of change—generally change for the better, at least in terms of the need of life to adapt itself to changing needs or die. Life was a precarious enterprise because the means of sustaining it never quite remained the same. Different species might put in competing claims for the same means. It was natural that the species that developed sharper or more effective approaches to their changing environments would have a superior claim on survival. Natural selection, therefore, involved an upwards drive or evolutionary process.

Darwin's ideas were generally accepted as a major contribution to scientific knowledge, but they were never proved. It is possible, however, that modern man may furnish proof of the Darwinian theory—in reverse. It may

be entirely within the reach of man today to demonstrate the changeability of species—except that it may be devolution rather than evolution. The change may be away from higher or more selective development to less complex and cruder forms. Man may now be in a position to make a sudden descent biologically to a series of lower orders. Until now he could perform all sorts of assaults on himself; he could cheapen life, debase it, cripple it, and kill it. But he could not get at his own germ plasm, locked securely in the inner being of each of his cells. But now through radiation this last fortress of his physical integrity can be pierced. The radiation he himself is able to produce but is unable to control can violate his genetic purity by changing the structure of the human cell. If the radiation is sufficient the final barrier to a human mutation may be removed and the descent to the lower orders of life may proceed.

The theory of evolution, forecast by Buffon, speculated upon by Lamarck, and developed by Darwin and Wallace, had never been proved because in six thousand years of recorded history a major change from one species into another had never been scientifically observed. But life in various forms has existed on this planet for several hundred million years and our knowledge is confined to a puny fraction of that period. As it concerns the history of man himself we have only the vaguest ideas about his age on earth, whether it covers a million years or considerably more or less.

At any rate, even without proof, Darwin's carefully assembled ideas have seemed reasonable enough to the scientific intelligence to be accepted as a working theory. Though this is sheer speculation, it is possible that there can be, and probably has already been, retrogression of the species. Man may have gone up and down the ladder of evolution several times during his hundreds of thousands or millions of years on earth. It is at least theoretically possible that he has built other civilizations as complex as our own and suffered the same inability to operate them. He may have surged as far ahead in his inventiveness as we have done, but may have been just as deficient in creating the basis for sanity in the relations between the various groupings into which he was divided. No one can say that our generation is the first that has played with nuclear energy or that there may not have been earlier uncontrolled situations in which radioactivity brought about a whole reshuffling of species.

If limitless knowledge and applied science can create an environment in which man's basic existence is threatened, he may respond or adapt by sinking far enough in the

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order of intelligence so that science is beyond his reach, whether for good or evil. The tendency of nature may be to push the forms of life upwards through a process of natural selection, as Darwin argued, but it may also be true that man has cooperated in this natural process only up to a point. That point in the past, as it seems to be in the present, may be a point of maximum power and maximum opportunity from which he abruptly veered away, turning his power on himself and the essence of his being.

Whether the lower orders have descended from man or vice versa, or whether there has been a combination of both, depending on the causes and circumstances, it becomes important for our generation to comprehend the nature of the power at our disposal and its full meaning. And here we come to the most startling fact of all about our own time. The nature of the power available to modern man and its implications are hardly understood by the people in whose name it will be used and on whom it will have its effects. The major governments which are producing the nuclear explosives have failed to make a distinction between the legitimate need to preserve secrecy with respect to the size and nature of the respective stockpiles and the moral obligation to inform the people fully concerning the nature of those weapons and their effects. Meanwhile large-scale experimentation has proceeded without adequate laboratory knowledge concerning the extent of danger of the tests themselves. Only now do laboratory studies show that the threat of genetic damage to humans from excessive radiation is at least ten times greater than what had earlier been supposed.

When you think of the theories of the great naturalists, therefore, think also of the new reversing power man now possesses over nature and its drive towards higher forms of life.

But it is not only in medicine or the sciences of life that the present generation can cancel out great gains or ideas. All the fields that add up to progress for man are involved, whether with respect to the arts of man or the rights of man.

THINK of the men who proved that the human being need not be condemned to the life of the drone. Here were the men who worked on the frontier of human uniqueness, expressing the need to create beauty and enabling other men to respond to it. What they did gave a necessary extra dimension to life.

One thing their works had in common, quite apart from the power to convey rhythm or harmony or a state of esthetic grace or expressive power in general. Whether with respect to great paintings or songs or poems or books or edifices, these works stand above time. It is not only that they appeal to all ages; they were created independent of time itself. A work of art took as long to produce as was necessary to make it a work of art. A Greek temple took a lifetime or more to build. The Taj Mahal was a generation in the making. The paintings in the Dome in Milan were spaced out over a period of centuries. The massive religious sculptures and carvings at Borodudur, Indonesia, were worked on for five hundred years. Kyoto and Nara, Japan, were neither pressed for time nor obsessed by fears of time when these cities devoted themselves to the cause of beauty and the permanence of beauty.

Only a second is now required to knock it all down.

Nor is the nullifying power of modern man over time and its relationship to beauty confined to the big objects that are so easily swept aside. A Giotto fresco, a window at Chartres, a poem by Aeschylus or Blake or Iqbal, a tragedy by Euripides or Shakespeare, a sermon by Donne or Tagore, an etching by Rembrandt or Turner or Hiroshiga, a quartet by Mozart or Haydn or a symphony by Beethoven—all are now equally vulnerable. It is no longer true that no force can kill a book or work of art. Obliteration can do it. Ultimate power that fulfils itself in an instant can do it. And if the force cannot find art to destroy it man can lose it by losing his own awareness of beauty. This inner loss, too, is now within his reach.

Now think of the men who were identified with great causes. Think of the men who fought to establish the most revolutionary principle in all history; namely, that the purpose of the state was to serve the cause of the individual. Think of Solon, the great law-giver of early Greece who championed the sovereignty of the individual, beyond the reach of authority of the nation. Or Pericles, calling for equal justice towards all and arguing that public discussion, far from being a stumbling block to workable government, was an "indispensable preliminary to wise action."

Think of the men who continued and enlarged this cause, frequently at the cost of their lives. These were the leaders who believed that the act of being born carried with it a long list of natural and basic rights—political, spiritual, social. Erasmus, Milton, Harrington, Cowley, Locke, Spinoza, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Garibaldi, Mirabeau, Alfieri, Manzoni, Hume, Woolman, Penn, Fox, and the American revolutionary leaders—Franklin, Washington, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Dickinson, Jefferson, Madison, Paine, Wilson, Hamilton, Freneau. Only a partial list but enough to serve as focus for purposeful thought about the relationship of the individual citizen to the nation. These men believed in the independence of the nation and in self-government—not as an abstraction or as an end in itself but as a specific way of protecting individual man and assuring his right to participate in the shaping of his society.

It is important to think about this concept because it has never been in greater jeopardy. What has happened is that a whole series of changes have interfered with the ability of the individual state to act as Jefferson and Adams and Lincoln felt it must act.

When a man like Jefferson or Madison thought about government the things that came to mind were not concerned with grandiose political machinery or master operational plans for the control of a nation. Each idea about government had something to do with people. Would this feature of government help a man to grow? Would that aspect of government help force errors into the open by government itself? Would this provision of government make it possible for a man to pick his own church or books or newspaper or friends? Was there any danger that government would arrogate to itself an official con-

We owe past generations not only for the master discoveries of music, science, literature, and art—few of which brought profit to those to whom they were revealed—but also for our organism itself, which is an inheritance gathered and garnered by those who have gone before us. —SAMUEL BUTLER.

Nature drives with a loose rein, and vitality of any sort, even if expressed in fancy, can blunder through many a predicament in which reason would despair. —SANTAYANA.

Heredity is an omnibus in which all our ancestors ride, and every now and then one of them puts his head out and embarrasses us. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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Men of science do not pledge themselves to creeds; they are bound by articles of no sort; there is not a single belief that it is not a bounden duty with them to hold with a light hand and to part with it, cheerfully, the moment it is really proved to be contrary to any fact, great or small. . . . Our great purpose is the improvement of Man's estate and the widening of his knowledge. The moment a conception ceases to be useful for this purpose, away with it to the four winds; we care not what becomes of it!

—T. H. HUXLEY.

science that would seek to displace the conscience of the individual or limit its range? How could a man be fortified with rights so that overblown functionaries could not barge into his home at will just to make him squirm?

It was natural that a Jefferson would think of these things for he knew that the tendency of a state was to collect power far beyond its needs, just as it was the tendency of the men at the top to try to make a permanent acquisition of the government itself. What counted most was not the sovereignty of the state but the sovereignty of the individual. The great cause, therefore, was the cause of the individual against the state.

The cause has come a long way. If it is in danger today, however, it is not only because of the perpetual threats from dictators or ambitious men who constantly scheme to gain supremacy over the laws. The cause of individual man is in danger today because the sovereign state itself is no longer an adequate instrument for safeguarding the individual or underwriting his freedom. The sovereign state no longer represents the solid outer rim of security for its citizens. Indeed, it is the state itself that has become the core center of insecurity in the modern world. It is so busy fending for itself in the great open arena where nations come into contact with each other, jostling or preening or jockeying for position, that all other functions become secondary. And the insecure state tends to bolster its position by doing the things that add to the insecurity of the individual. It does this through standing armies or increased taxes or a prodded economy or internal security measures that reflect and increase the many tensions they try to eliminate.

If the states live in anarchy the individual citizen pays the price of anarchy. Law and order within the state are no protection against the larger violence and injustice outside the state. Whatever the intermediate forms of protection afforded to man in his daily life, the major threats to his well-being and future find him open and exposed.

All this the state does in the name of security. But what kind of security is it that condemns the unborn, pursues the innocent through generations to come, diminishes and deforms man, and poisons air and earth? If this is what total sovereignty has come to mean, then it is a monstrous thing and man has the duty to replace it with the higher and saner means that will come into conflict with neither nature itself nor his own natural rights.

No matter how hard today's sovereign state tries to pursue security through power, the power is never quite enough. For other states are increasing their power too. The state and its people are thus trapped in their own sovereign coils. To have no power when other nations are becoming more powerful could be an invitation to attack and disaster. But the pursuit of power means the pursuit of superior power, hard to define and even harder to create.

The dilemma is especially acute for free peoples. They have been vulnerable to aggressors in the past precisely because their freeness makes for openness. And, even as they now accept the need to become brawny in the cause of self-preservation, they become involved in something beyond their control—a massive competition in potential terror the very nature of which pulls them inexorably towards a showdown.

For the dictator state the world condition of tension and uncertainty offers a natural habitat. The presence or prospect of an outer threat lends weight to the internal controls. But even if the dictatorship faces the stark need for changes inside itself; even if it is willing to denounce or renounce its own tyrants and the products of the tyranny; even if it is willing to modify its ideological ambitions for large dominion—even if it does all these things the mountain of its sovereign statehood still stands. The sovereignty precedes the ideology and survives it. And in its sovereign role the dictator state sticks to its last. It may make concessions, it may permit deviations, but it will not surrender its position above the law. As it concerns the ultimate question of national sovereignty, it insists on the unlimited and unfettered development and mobilization of its own power.

This power need not be applied in order to inflict hurt. Just the act of flexing it has a bruising reality all its

I Stand Upon a Dike

By David Ignadow

I STAND upon a dike at night,
watching over the sea's extreme edge
sparse settled lights snap like traffic signals.
The ocean is a darkened ballroom
lacking the Saturday night crowd,
the place is sad.

Below me a wave out of the darkness
rushes through a pile of rocks
and sucks them down. Where is
the strength of the wave?
I see only foam, white raving,
white eyes of nothing.

The wave recedes into the dark for its strength,
it lashes out from a silent poise.
It sucks down the rocks,
it hurls spray at me,
it makes me crouch.
I cannot make it ashamed of itself,
it has no eyes nor ears.
I cannot die victorious from its beating,
it has no argument.
It races out of the dark
and I have only this dike.

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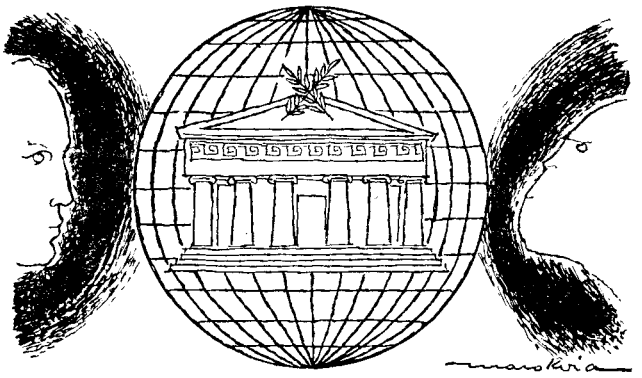

its own. Already a single bomb is three hundred times more powerful than the bomb which has so far accounted for 230,000 lives in Hiroshima, according to official estimates. Neither science nor technology stands in the way of a bomb three thousand times or thirty thousand times more powerful still. While high-altitude detonations can reduce the amount of dirt and debris sucked up into the upper altitude, thus decreasing the quantity of dangerous fallout, there remains a vast potency in radioactivity over a large area. A modest-sized hydrogen bomb, for example, has a danger zone of 2,500 square miles.

Some questions: How much more radioactivity can be pumped into the upper atmosphere before the fall-out of strontium becomes menacing to life far outside the areas supposedly under control? How much official study has so far been given to the possible connection between the nuclear tests already conducted and the extreme weather manifestations that have already taken lives, wrecked crops, and washed out cities? The conviction grows that the tests are proving mainly how dangerous they are, yet they continue to be the first to devise the means for an ultimate attack on the planet itself.

If increasing experimentation represents increasing danger—not only to the contestants in the nuclear competition but to all people—on what basis are the tests to be stopped? More important still, on what basis are the existing stockpiles of the big explosions to be reduced or eliminated? Each side has talked about the desirability of some control, but neither side has yet faced up to the need for the compulsory measures that will be essential—measures involving not only inspection but actual enforcement binding on individuals. Nor has either side yet accepted the essential connection between the control of weapons and the control of war itself. The dance is still on the periphery; there have been no bold steps towards the working center where basic causes can be recognized and the responsibility for dealing with them accepted.

For the United States, then, true security need not be a thing of fits, starts, and reciprocal terrors. It need not confine us to a choice of evils. It can have the mark of good sense on it and the solidity of affirmative appeal.

True security begins with the advocacy of a large idea that singularly fits the problem not only of the American people but of all people. The problem is how to create abundance on earth and use it for greater good; how to eliminate or control the situations that lead to war, whether with respect to predatory assault or the injustice that is worse than war itself. And, if we cannot do all this, how to keep the large idea alive so that the job of the next generation can be something more inspiring than clearing away the meaningless rubble left by mighty but mediocre men.

In advocating the large idea, we can offer our pledge that we will take no measures in the cause of our own protection that will jeopardize the safety of the world community—and call upon others to do the same. We can pledge our fullest moral and material support in developing the responsible powers of the world organization so that it can truly enforce the peace—and call upon others to do the same.

The central objective is a new relationship of the states to each other as part of the specific machinery of a world organization responsible directly to people instead of to governments. It would require some pooled strength, at least to the extent of being able to stand behind its control both of the massive weapons of war and the situations that could result in war.

Built into it would have to be the principles and agencies of justice, without which it could become irresponsible, arbitrary, overbearing. It would have to be limited in its authority to those matters which concern the human community as a whole, whether with respect to dangers or needs. In all other respects the states must retain authority and jurisdiction over their own peoples and cultures. Indeed, a primary function of the world organization should be to underwrite this kind of sovereignty and help in every way to make it meaningful.

THE spirit in which such an enterprise is advocated is no less essential than the plan itself. If the spirit is one of deep affirmation and vitality, if it views the present as the rich and proper moment for the greatest forward surge in human history, then we will not invite the dangers of a purely mechanical approach to peace. Such a spirit might well be expressed in a statement of human interdependence, in which the lack of geographical or physical barriers in the world is fully recognized; in which man's right to his genetic integrity is declared; in which unity and diversity are both recognized and assured—unity in terms of the basic oneness of man, diversity in terms of his cultures or groupings or purposes; in which the natural rights of man are re-defined and placed beyond the state; and in which air and earth are declared the natural assets and possessions of the world's people, to be utilized for the common good and to be kept free from assault or corruption by human agencies.

It is not necessary for the Soviet Union and the United States to merge or create a political unity between them in order that sanity and safety may exist on this earth. It is necessary only that each give up the specific right and the means to upset the vital balances which make human life on this planet possible, on condition that the world community itself develop the workable mechanisms of law in which both can have confidence and in which both can participate for the greater good of all the earth's people.

If there is any other hope, then those who profess it have the obligations to define it and advocate it. Far

Man is born not to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.

—GOETHE.

Where you find imagination tracing the outlines and reason filling in the details, there you have a man.

—HENRY S. HASKINS.

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(*Continued from previous page*)

better to have debate on world law and its alternatives than to continue a state of moral anesthesia and global anarchy which accepts any explosive situation so long as the fuse is not actually spluttering. The big opportunity, of course, is represented by a United Nations which can be developed fully and dramatically into the kind of world organization that the age requires and that the institution of man deserves.

FINALLY, then, let us think about ourselves. If our purposes are frail, if the value we attach to the idea of progress is small, if our concern for the next generation is uninspiring, then we can bow low before the difficulty, stay as we are, and accept the consequences of drift. But if we have some feeling for the gift of life and the uniqueness of life, if we have confidence in freedom, growth, and the miracle of vital change, then difficulty loses its power to intimidate.

No greater fallacy exists in the modern world than that the individual in a free society is helpless. If anything, he exercises his power without being aware of it. Vast sums are spent to find out what he thinks or is likely to think. No major move can be made without him. Great designs are giving ground to great hesitations out of fear that he might not favor difficult but necessary steps. The result is not a heroic effort in behalf of a better tomorrow but a preoccupation with the glories of the short term. Hence the paradox: the fully sovereign state is unable to act effectively in the world arena in behalf of the very individual whose support it so zealously courts and whose opinion it so ardently seeks on questions for which government itself failed to provide adequate information.

Certainly the individual is not helpless. The question for him is not whether he possesses any power but how to use the power he possesses. He will receive information if he demands it. He can appraise information if he will give time to it. He can think, he can talk, he can write, he can associate, he can make his opinions known. He need not wait to be asked for his views. He can free himself from the daily trivia that soaks up his time and energies and he can apply himself to what is important. Nor need he fear that this is an academic or futile undertaking. The act of informed dedication is a power by itself.

As the individual thinks about the power that is his—the power to think and act in behalf of history's great works and ideas of which he is now custodian—he may find that information and thought are not enough. It is one thing to know a fact, another to interpret it and relate it to other facts with order and balance. It is in this direction that he has the obligation to share his concern with his friends and neighbors. He will find that mutual concern and mutual consideration often produce ideas or approaches to problems far better balanced and valuable than are within the grasp of the individual alone.

The individual can consult other individuals; he can also consult history. He can tap the experience of the race. He can find out something about the great causes he is now asked to protect. And he can think about the great spiritual leaders in human history and ask himself what their response would be to the forces of man that now jeopardize the estate of man. He can think about the prophets of the Old Testament and their emphasis on respect for the universal design and their insistence on justice. He can think about the purity, simplicity, and grandeur of the morals and ideals and teachings of Jesus, and the power of dedication of the Apostles. He can think about the reforming zeal and desire for spiritual emancipation of Mohammad. About the Deities of the Veddas, with their seamless and poetic continuity between life and the universe. About Buddha's concern for the individual in stress and suffering and the higher reality of which he is part and which knits him together. About Baha'ullah and his effort to provide a basis for spiritual and social unity among all men. About the ethics and restraint and service to humanity of Confucius.

It should not be difficult for the individual to determine what the spiritual leaders would say in the present situation. They would say that it is not enough for man to profess oneness with other men; he must act it out. Not enough to wear the garment of religious identification; he must accept its ethical and moral obligations and glory. Not enough to lay claim to personal sacredness; he must bind himself to it through respect for it and sensitivity to it. Not enough to boast of the gift of a rational intelligence; he must nurture it, work it, apply it, defend it. Not enough to prate about justice; he must create a basis for it in the world itself. —N. C.

As inhabitants of the earth we are living at the very beginning of time. We have come into being in the fresh glory of dawn, and a day of almost unthinkable length stretches before us with unimaginable opportunities for accomplishment. Our descendants of far-off ages, looking down this long vista of time from the other end, will see our present age as the misty morning of the world's history; our contemporaries of today will appear as dim heroic figures who fought their way through jungles of ignorance, error, superstition to discover truth, to learn how to harness the forces of nature, and to make a world worthy for mankind to live in.—SIR JAMES JEANS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REVIEWER'S DEBATE

I AM SURPRISED to find Miss Hobson (SR TRADE WINDS, July 28) flirting with the soundly Marxist idea that there is a "correct" way to review a book, and a "correct" opinion on any given book to be arrived at by a well-disciplined reviewer. For me, at any rate, criticism and reviewing are a part of the great debate which keeps society alive: books express ideas and reviewers and critics are legitimately occupied in discussing the ideas they express. No ideas exist in isolation, and critical discussions to be of any value have to take in the wide field of general ideas. My method of relating general ideas to particular books is an adjustment to my own particular needs of a technique worked out in the first place by Andrew Lang and Anatole France. They were concerned with the problem of adapting the form of lengthy literary essay developed by Sainte-Beuve, Macaulay, and Carlyle (to name only a few practitioners) to the needs of modern journalism. Carlyle was able to write a 36,000-word review of a reprint of Boswell's Life of Johnson. It appeared in two parts, the first 19,000 words of which consisted of general observations on the subject of biography and concluded with the remark that the writer would get around to the subject of Boswell's book in the next issue of the publication. There is in fact a solid tradition behind the discursive literary essay as a form of book review and I do not feel that there is any need to justify it at this late date. I will only say that I am very proud to be a contributor to *The New Yorker*, a magazine which permits its writers freedom of opinion and expression, and does not force them to become trimmers to please coteries, or to pacify commercial and political interests.

I might add that in my view the only circumstances in which a writer is entitled to set the rules for the reception of his own work exist when he is circulating his manuscript privately among friends. But as soon as he sends it off to the printers and has it distributed to the public at large he forfeits all rights to special allowances; he has made his contribution to the great debate and it is up for open discussion. Any attempt to regulate the terms of the discussion, or its scope, for the benefit of particular books, or kinds of books, is an attempt to limit intellectual freedom and to set up some kind of thought control. In a free society the rough has to be taken with the smooth, and the writer's right to have his say in his own way is inseparable from the critics' right to the same thing. ANTHONY WEST.

New York, N. Y.

MRS. HOBSON REPLIES

LIFE, AS THEY SAY, can be beautiful, and so can letters. Thanks for sending me Mr. West's.

How precisely it illustrates half the points made by Granville Hicks in his now famous piece in the May 14 *New Leader*, which I summarized and quoted last week in TRADE WINDS because it had become the talk of the trade.

And how thoroughly I agree with Mr. West that no writer "is entitled to set the rules for the reception of his own work" once "he sends it off to the printers." (Including Mr. West's work in *The New Yorker*.)

It intrigues me, too, that Mr. West should address himself to me for having called attention to Mr. Hicks's piece, without his once mentioning the piece itself or its author. And that, though Mr. Hicks devoted about 4,000 words to "*The New Yorker*, Anthony West, and the Sad State of Literary Journalism," Mr. West thus far hasn't written one word to him or to the magazine that gave four whole pages to those words. (I just checked.)

He chooses, instead, to take action on itsy-bitsy summary in *SR*, which afforded me a dozen paragraphs and some 200 words of direct quotation. It's all too flattering.

As to that li'l ole word "Marxist," up there in Sentence 1, that's rather sweet, too. But "ancient trick" and "beautiful gambit" were what Mr. Hicks wrote in re Mr. West's methods, not "shabby trick" or "outworn gambit." And I'm sure that Mr. West and I would die rather than tamper with Mr. Hicks's freedom of expression, or force him to become a trimmer to please some coterie.

LAURA Z. HOBSON.

New York, N. Y.

"Darling! I've just heard! You've been kicked upstairs!"

EVERYBODY WON IN 1812

THE REVIEW OF C. S. Forester's "The Age of Fighting Sail" (*SR* July 7) reminded me of a favorite historical writing in A. R. M. Lower's "Colony to Nation."

> The War [of 1812] itself was satisfactory to all parties in that both sides won it: the American tradition is one of glorious victories and so is the Canadian. The British, who did most of the fighting and whose navy was the major instrument in ending the war, have no tradition at all and there are few English people who have ever heard of it. The war was no fight to the death and it produced no Marlboroughs or Nelsons. It was a succession of timorous advances and hasty retreats, of muddle-headed planning and incompetent generalship, interspersed with a few sharp actions and adroit maneuvers which reflected credit on a few individuals and discredit on many. . . . Time has almost turned its melodrama into farce.

Incidentally, in Canadian parts the war was won (by us) at the Battle of Stoney Creek. We have only heard vaguely of naval battles, but *that* was a "glorious victory."

FREDA F. WALDON.

Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

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The Mail I've Seen

By JOHN STEINBECK

A WRITER'S mail is very interesting, but gradually over the years the letters fall into categories. The most common is the fan letter, written simply because the writer, after reading something of mine, has felt the urge to communicate. These letters usually begin: "I have never written a fan letter before. . . ." I wonder why that is always said. It is a little like the man who asks for an autograph never for himself but for his little daughter.

Then there is the letter which starts out with praise and then gets to work on my morals and choice of subject—"There is so much that is beautiful and pure in the world," it says, "why do you have to stir up ugliness and filth?"

A third kind of letter is the honest out-and-out denunciation. A great many of these utilize four-letter words and say some pretty bad things. One man was so mad at me that he ended his letter: "Beware. You will never get out of this world alive."

Then come the requests for autographs and pictures—some of them naive and some of them quite professional. These latter usually list the signatures they already have, including Thomas Mann—nearly always—and G. B. Shaw. The implication is that I will be in good company if I send it and a schnook if I don't. One man sent me fifty slips of paper to sign. He was honest. He said he was going to trade them with other collectors.

Of course, there are a great many thoughtful and intelligent letters—sometimes having to do with some phase of my work which has interested the writer or to which he can contribute some information. Many of these are good and warming to receive.

The requests for money are fairly constant, though reaching their peak a few months after each book is published. Some of these seem genuine, but many others are straight hustles and not very clever. One time I received a collect wire from a man I had never heard of demanding that I send four hundred dollars by return wire for an operation. I naturally ignored it. The next day another wire came saying two hundred and fifty dollars would be sufficient if sent immediately. Again I was silent with flying money. In a few days I had a letter from this claimant. He said he had always admired me, but now he found I had clay feet.

There are always the bughousers—fortunately, not many, but nearly always repeaters. I answered a letter from a woman who said she was one hundred and one years old, and got a completely illegible postcard from her every day for a year. But after a while she confused me with her son who had died fifty years earlier. Then I had one pen-pal who claimed she was married to me. And another who wrote often for a while and said that Joan Crawford was her mother and Bing Crosby her father and they wouldn't give her any money so she appealed to me, her uncle, to ask them to send her fifty thousand dollars. I got quite a few letters from that one and she enclosed pictures of herself. She was pretty, if the pictures were of her.

There are the letters asking for further information on a subject on which you have written and others pointing out errors. In "East of Eden" I made an error in the spelling of Tinshol. I spelled it Tinshel. I have had over a hundred letters pointing out my mistake, and many of them from profound scholars of Hebrew.

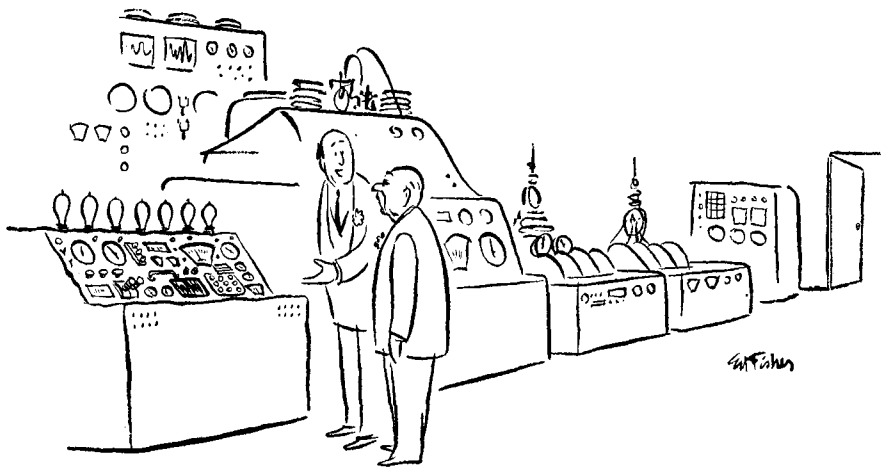
ONE of the commonest experiences to a writer is to be invited to act as collaborator. My mail is studded with such suggestions. The letters usually start: "I have had a very interesting life if someone would just sit down and write it up." The writer does not say why his story is interesting, being convinced and sometimes saying openly that unless contractually bound I might steal his material. The letters nearly always end with this business proposition: "You write it up and get it published and we'll split fifty-fifty." Some of the letters hint of dark political secrets, some of crime and injustice in high places, some of sin-strewn careers. Invariably the correspondent suggests a meeting face to face when I will be given the fascinating material. There seems to be no suspicion that I might just as well steal it then as earlier. The letter always starts with the high moral implications to be served by such a work, but the end never fails to mention the fifty-fifty split of the loot.

I have had such letters from all kinds of people—convicts, old ladies who remember seeing Lincoln, ministers, doctors, dreamers, realists. I remember one letter, however, I liked very much and which tempted me. It went: "Dear Bud. I got a million stories. I run a saloon out in ——— and the God-damndest things happen here. We could make a fortune just writing them down. You come out here and see. I'll stake you to grub and liquor. If you have a wife she can tend bar while we write." It was hard to refuse that one.

Then there was a whole series of letters from a man and wife flagpole-sitting team. Their courtship had been on adjoining flagpoles in a contest. Then they got together and were married on a flagpole, and at the time of the letters they were planning to have a baby one hundred and twenty feet in the air. They needed a historian and hinted that if I could pull it off the money would roll in.

I thought that would be hard to top, but recently I received a letter so meaty that I put it down in its entirety. The letterhead carried an impressive picture of a lady in tights flexing her muscles and it said "World

(*Continued on page* 34)



"... and this is RB 4762-Q, our oldest employe."

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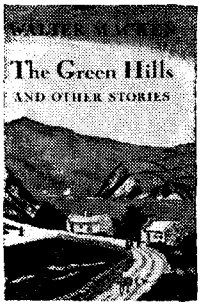

SR's Book of the Week:

"THE GREEN HILLS AND OTHER STORIES"

Author: Walter Macken

By WILLIAM PEDEN

WALTER MACKEN'S fiction is as refreshing as an early morning walk in the green hills or along the curving shore line of the Irish coastal town which is the setting of his new collection of stories and sketches, "The Green Hills" (Macmillan. $3.50). Although each of the twenty-one tales is complete in itself the book is essentially the re-creation of a community, its people, and its folkways. As is true of "Dubliners" or "Winesburg, Ohio," the total effect of such a collection is greater than the sum of its parts.

Many of the most effective of these stories center around or grow swiftly out of a single incident: the theft of a sailing boat by two boys, a savage fight at a fair, the fact that a government official falls into the hands of two very canny elderly brothers. Others, like "Gaeglers and the Wild Geese" or "Barney's Maggie" or "Hallmarked," rise through a series of amusing or depressing or suspenseful incidents to a meaningful or entertaining climax. Still others, like "The Lady and the Tom" with its deft re-creation of a "queer" individual ("she was a nice little woman for an Englishwoman." . . . "The people around here are used to queer people"), are primarily character sketches.

Regardless of their variety Mr. Macken's stories are alike in their vitality, in their effective blending of the serious and the comic, in the directness and admirable economy of their narrative method. The author uses no complicated flashbacks, no tormented inner soliloquies, no elaborate moralizing. Rather, his stories have the swift and stunning impact of the oral story told around the cottage fireside or narrated in barrooms while exhausted men refresh themselves after the strain of a currach race or the bruising excitement of a hurling match.

Like many an Irishman, Mr. Macken is a particularly good hand when it comes to depicting the dilemma of children or adolescents in a world which is often indifferent or brutal. Among his best stories is "The Wasteland" with its grimly realistic picture of a group of lads savagely playing football with a sheep's bladder. This is a story orthodox in its basic elements: we have a bully and a strong but sensitive smaller boy who writes poetry and is of a consequence tormented by his companions. The success of such a story indicates for the thousandth time that it is not subject matter but the author's inner vision and his individualistic projection of subject matter which is the important, the indispensable, element in fiction.

The same is true of Mr. Macken's adults: of Gaegler, the likable scoundrel whose way of living is based on "making money without working for it"; of the strong fisherman, Hartley, who is undone and subsequently saved by a "little beauty of a pup"; of The King, perhaps the most memorable single character in the entire collection, and his "utter cleverality in outwitting the hated policemen." These are real people in a specific community. As individuals they are vividly isolated from the mass of humankind, but they suggest universal character traits as old as written literature. We find their counterparts, for example, riding convivially with Chaucer along the dusty road to Canterbury, and they appear and reappear in the works of all the great traditional storytellers, most recently in the remarkable group of contemporary Irish fiction writers from O'Connor, O'Faolain, O'Flaherty, and McLaverty to Brian MacMahon and John Pudney. There is room for Walter Macken here.

Almost half a century ago James Joyce, writing to his friend and publisher, commented on the special odor of corruption which, he hoped, floated over his great collection of short fiction, "Dubliners." Walter Macken is similarly preoccupied with life and death in an Irish community. Here most of the similarity ceases. "Dubliners" is essentially a book of the dead, "The Green Hills" a book of the living. Although some of Mr. Macken's pieces (like the title story or "The Boy and the Brace") are marred by a rather effusive sentimentality he is far from being a dewy-eyed romanticist. Sorrow, frustration, despair, and death are as much a part of his fiction as their opposites. In "The Green Hills" he has produced a robust, swarming pageant of life.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

HOME IS THE WRITER: Six or so years ago Walter Macken, then in his mid-thirties, ventured out of the green hills of western Ireland to make two trips to New York City. He didn't stay long either time. The first time author Macken, who is also an actor, came to play a part in the Broadway production of fellow-Irishman Michael J. Molloy's comedy entitled "King of Friday's Men." He got excellent notices, but the show closed after four performances. The second time he came to play the leading role in his own drama entitled "Home Is the Hero," which lasted for exactly thirty performances. (One critic complained: "Mr. Macken has composed like surf in a storm and acts like a lake.) At that point author-actor Macken, though he was perhaps a little less than a hero, headed home, too, and on the way told a New York newspaper reporter: "Now I have to make a decision whether to act or write. I'll write." So far he has not returned to Broadway, although he had been acting for far longer than he has been writing, having begun his stage career at the age of seventeen in the Galway Gaelic Theatre and having considerably enhanced that career in a three-year stint with Dublin's famous Abbey Theatre from 1948 to 1951. He has said: "The great tragedy of Ireland is that its writers leave the country, and you can't blame them. I was tempted to go myself, but my wife said no, if you write about people you must stay amongst them. His decision seems to have paid off very well for he has published a great many short stories and four novels in the U.S., one of which, "Rain on the Wind," was a Literary Guild selection in 1953. With the proceeds of that novel he bought himself an unpretentious country house near a lake at Oughterard, County Galway, and installed himself, his wife, and two sons, the older of whom is known familiarly as Wally Og (long "o"), which is Gaelic for Junior. Here he writes very rapidly when he is not taking time off to put in a few gardens and a few cement walks, and only last week he submitted his most recent novel to his publishers. The hero of this latest work: an actor.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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Life at High Tide

"Amelie in Love," by Henri Troyat *(translated by Lily Duplaix. Simon & Schuster. 384 pp. $4.50), the work of a French novelist and biographer much admired in his own country, tells of a small-town girl who becomes overwhelmed with love for the man to whom she has been engaged.*

By Otis Fellows

IN 1917, at the age of six, Henri Troyat fled Moscow with his Russian emigré parents, and three years later he was a Paris schoolboy. It was not long before he began earnestly writing in French; when only twelve he founded a newspaper with some of his classmates. He has not stopped writing since.

When his first novel came out in 1935 it was hailed as a remarkable debut of a gifted young writer who promised much for the future. This prophecy has been borne out at least to the extent that in subsequent books M. Troyat has won a full share of the prizes available in French literature.

As novel followed novel the author's minute analyses of human feelings, his insistence upon skilfully documented physical details of life, the scope of his realistic observations, and his careful choice of words and phrases all suggested that here was a late comer in the great tradition of the French nineteenth-century novel. More particularly, readers found that he invited comparison with Flaubert, Maupassant, Bourget, and upon occasion Zola. But when his literary biographies on Pushkin, Dostoievsky, and Lermontov appeared his Slavic origins were recalled. They received still greater attention with the publication of a trilogy on life in and exile from Russia, the first volume of which has been translated into English as "My Father's House." It was now decided that Troyat was reminiscent of Gogol and especially Tolstoy—so much so that the latter's name is almost always evoked when Troyat is discussed today, though it must be added that the comparison is invariably in favor of the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina."

M. Troyat is at present engaged upon his most ambitious project to date, a cyclical novel with the first three volumes already in print and the fourth to appear in the near future. "Amelie in Love" introduces this new series; the story of the Aubernat family opens in a French village shortly before the World War I. The plot is centered on the daughter, Amelie, a girl of integrity and innocence who, in a milieu of laborers and small shopkeepers—simple, honest folk all—is suddenly seized by an overwhelming love for the man she is to marry. Essentially it is a tale of the perpetual flow of life as, in leisurely fashion, the reader is brought to the three movingly presented climacterics of death, love, and birth in that order.

This book is added proof that as a writer of fiction M. Troyat knows well the techniques of his profession. Those already acquainted with other of his novels will again see a master of unified construction who, moreover, with great sensitivity can depict the psychological development of a mood with all its emotional overtones. If in "Amelie in Love" much space is given over to the ordinary and commonplace such elements are often presented with an adroit mingling of humor and pathos, and the whole is endowed with authentic human values. This will be sufficient to recommend it to some. Others, whose tastes have been formed by novels equally long but rampant with violence and lust, futility and despair, would be well advised to seek their reading enjoyment elsewhere.

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

Margaret Boylen—"fresh-minted language."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1166)

THOMAS B. COSTAIN:
THE TONTINE

Distrust him as much as she liked, she must continue to employ him. . . . It was a distressing and paradoxical situation. She must set a thief to catch a thief and pay him for doing it, even though she knew that the one had been as guilty as the other.

Mocking and Loving

"The Marble Orchard," by Margaret Boylen *(Random House. 237 pp. $3.50), is the story of young Lovey Claypool, who although blinded through an accident creates a world of her own among the gravestones of Cemetery Hill.*

By Jerome Stone

AMONG the year's crop of first novels a happy surprise is Margaret Boylen's "The Marble Orchard." Miss Boylen's tale is about a girl named Lovey Claypool, who despite an accident that has blinded her remains a jaunty, fierce, and self-dramatizing child with a wonderfully humorous sense of the sly paradoxes of life.

Lovey's story is also the story of her bumble-witted parents and of the shrewd and batty grandmother who pierces the girl's heart with bullets of love and hate. To escape the vulgar inanities of her parents and the shrill sniper-fire of her grandmother Lovey sets up light housekeeping among the weather-stained gravestones on Cemetery Hill. Here she pretends to mock a mocking world which in reality she can't help loving.

Lovey's father is "a disastrous fool . . . who, like most A-1 failures, was a Great Experimenter." One of his more abortive bickerings was responsible for his daughter's blindness. He is the last of a line of regressive Vermonters who years ago were possessed by an obscure urge to go West. Lovey's father's migration took him and his family as far as New Hoosic, Iowa, before his urge flickered out, and there, having failed utterly as a farmer, he supports Lovey's kewpie-doll mother, her shrewish grandmother, and the wilful Lovey herself by scraping out country ditties over the local radio station under the sobriquet of "Noonday Ned, the Old-Time Fiddler."

This is not enough for Lovey, however—nor for her grandmother. Both Lovey and her grandmother know that the stakes of life's game are higher and nobler than they appear to Lovey's parents. As a result the conflict between the old lady and Lovey becomes deep and embattled.

This conflict is ended in a truce only on the night of Granny's death when the old lady, unwilling to die among the mail-order squalor of her room, prevails upon the girl to spirit her off to the hideout in the Marble Orchard. As a result Lovey encounters Robber

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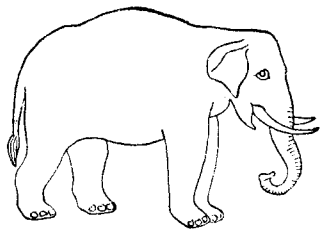
POLITICS

GOP: A Case History



—From the book.

"The Republicans," by Malcolm Moos *(Random House. 564 pp. $5.95), is a history of the party of Lincoln, Hoover, and Eisenhower, by a Johns Hopkins political scientist. J. D. Hicks, Morrison Professor of History at the University of California, reviews it.*

By J. D. Hicks

IN HIS new book, "The Republicans," Malcolm Moos attempts to incorporate, as nearly as it can be done in a single volume, the entire behavior pattern of the Republican Party, from its grass-roots beginnings in 1854 to its present frantic efforts to capture full control of the national Government. Here the patient reader may see in review the build-up for every Republican Presidential nomination, the wire-pulling activities of every Republican national convention, the froth and fervor of every campaign, the final verdict of the country—twenty-five times over in the last one hundred years—and, if the Republicans won, what they did with their victory. The Democrats get short shrift, although meantime they were going through all the same motions and ten times they elected their candidate. But this is a book about the Republicans, not the Democrats. The Democrats can write their own book, and probably will.

While this is clearly a party history, it would be a mistake to assume that it is a partisan history. Professor Moos has obviously tried to do a fair and honest job. He has not written mainly from original sources, or his task would have taken a lifetime. But he has consulted most of the important (and plentiful) monographs that several generations of historians have provided. Fortunately, his publishers have allowed him the few extra pages necessary to show his evidence, backnotes if not footnotes, a concession to the scholarly-minded that merits the highest congratulations. Not that the author is exactly a professional historian, for his approach is rather that of the political scientist, and he shows far greater familiarity with the more recent than with the more remote past. Some of his knowledge he has acquired at first hand, for in spite of his duties at The Johns Hopkins University he occupies a prominent place among Baltimore Republicans and regularly sits as a delegate in Republican national conventions.

What this book lacks most is a well-wrought and carefully-followed "frame of reference." The makings are all here, but the author somehow fails to force them on the reader's attention. He apparently wants to find in the Republican Party evidence of its devotion to liberal capitalism, to the principle of separation of powers, to the necessity of conciliation and compromise as the price of unity; in other words, he is hunting for a Republican background for Eisenhower liberalism. But he continually gets lost in the thickets of nominating speeches, convention deals, election hokum, and legislative bickering. To make history meaningful one must pick and choose among the facts; it is not enough merely to dish them all in.

THIS is not to say that such a frame of reference as the author seems to have in mind best fits the facts that he has made available. It would be easier to demonstrate that the Republican Party came to life as a coalition opposed to the expansion of slavery, a coalition that held together precariously while the Civil War was being fought and the Union was being reconstructed. After that, with the issues that had given rise to the party lost to history, the GOP settled down to do the bidding of the great industrial leaders, who meantime had taken charge of the economic life of the nation. By the turn of the century there were rumblings of revolt from within, rumblings which Theodore Roosevelt, an accidental Republican President, chose to take seriously. But the industrial leaders gave ground reluctantly, and under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover they were back in the saddle again. Then came the Great Depression and the New Deal, which left the Republicans in the wilderness for nearly a quarter of a century, while at the same time providing both politicians and business leaders with many good reasons to revise their outlook.

In order to survive at all the Republicans eventually discovered that they must take over the very principles they had denounced most in reformers and Democrats; further, the more forward-looking among them had to force on the Old Guard a five-star General for President, a man whose

"All right now, dear—think about money."

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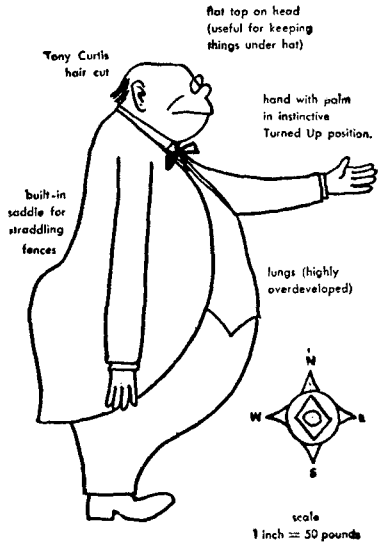


FIGURE 17. POLITICIAN
(Standard Model)

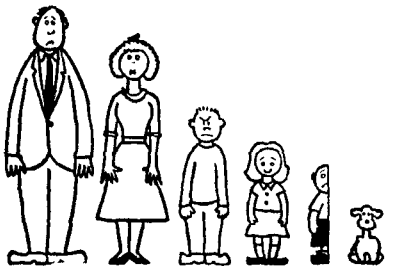
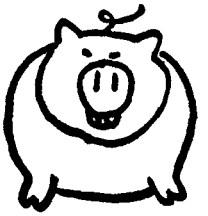


FIGURE 18. VERY AVERAGE FAMILY



I'M FOR ME FIRST

POLITICIAN: WORKING MODEL: Now that election year is upon us nobody is working harder than the professional politician—except the professional funnyman. And so far no professional funnyman has worked harder at poking holes in the professional politician than has TV-comic, newspaper-columnist, humorist-writer Roger Price, one of whose funny-books entitled "Droodles" received appreciative notice in *SR* not so long ago. The drawing shown above appears in Mr. Price's latest effort, a short opus entitled **"I'm for Me First"** (Ballantine, clothbound $2; paperbound 35¢) in which Mr. Price depicts the typical politician as a flat-topped fellow with a built-in saddle (for straddling fences) and a glad-hand instinctively turned up toward the public till. But Mr. Price goes even farther. Raising the serious charge that neither the Republican nor the Democratic parties have "cut him in on the take," he calls in his book for the formation of a "Me First Party," a grass-roots movement of greed which (he hopes) will sweep the country. The result is an amusing, if somewhat overextended analysis of current American politics, complete with such important information as "How to Photograph Your Candidate" and "How to Adjust the Voting Machine" and also with a large—and absolutely free—campaign button which reads "I'm for Me First." Although the results won't be in until autumn Mr. Price, whose party mascot is the pig, claims that he will be supported at the "Me First" convention by a large segment of his party and that even those who have pledged their support to another funnyman, Walt Kelly (who has a comparable treatise coming shortly from Simon & Schuster), will undoubtedly support the Price ticket on the second ballot.

record at the time of his nomination commended him almost equally to the liberals of both parties. Without him, and certainly without the liberalism he was supposed to represent, the Republicans might well have headed for another long tour of duty in the wilderness. To him they are therefore committed, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, until such a time as they can convert a majority of the American people to the belief that the Republican Party as a whole has really changed its spots and is more to be trusted than the Democrats.

BEHIND THE CAMPAIGN BALLYHOO: Two professors of political science, one a liberal Democrat, the other a conservative Republican, have produced a textbook on the history and functioning of the American party system which should have an appeal beyond the classroom. In **"Democracy and the American Party System"** (Harcourt Brace, $7.75) Austin Ranney of University of Illinois and Willmoore Kendall of Yale have been so objective in their explanation of how the parties work that they will satisfy even strong partisans of both parties.

For the voting citizen the book has special value these days. The chapters on how national party conventions and election campaigns are set up and operate are helpful in understanding what goes on behind the wild emotions and circuses that will soon be with us. The discussions of the multiplicity of special campaign committees, their purposes, the role of the pressure groups, the place of regional prejudices in developing a national program—all these have immediacy this month. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

ADVENTURES OF IDEALS: Like many another political personage, Woodrow Wilson, whose centennial we observe this year, is generally remembered, and disparaged too, on the basis of second-hand accounts of what he actually said. August Heckscher's able selections from the wartime President's writings and speeches, published under the title **"The Politics of Woodrow Wilson"** (Harper, $5), should do much to redress the balance. The Wilson who emerges from these pages is a remarkably articulate theorist whose hallmark as practising politician is a lucid and insistent devotion to Christian ideals.

In spite of tragic shortcomings in handling the elder Cabot Lodge, and a somewhat overly optimistic appraisal of international human nature in the raw, Woodrow Wilson survives here as the spokesman of modern democracy par excellence. For, after all, where else does our ultimate strength in the struggle with Communism lie except in the same ideals of justice, freedom, and humanity which he so eloquently espoused?

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

MR. JOHNSON OF TEXAS: As Senate Majority Floor Leader, Lyndon B. Johnson is something of a political miracle worker. To keep the Democratic coalition from flying apart in the midst of such emotion-stirring issues as public-school desegregation one needs more than tact. The times demand the highest political skills.

Booth Mooney, who until last March was executive assistant to Senator Johnson, has written a slim book about his former boss. **"The Lyndon Johnson Story"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) doesn't do Mr. Mooney's three-year employer justice. It isn't that this book, which comes with a foreword by the Senator himself, is a friendly campaign biography. Objective analysis in a volume of this nature cannot be hoped for. But one would like to know—for instance—what makes a man who can become the youngest majority leader in the Senate's history tick. How does he operate. Just what makes him the true professional party man that he is—a rarity indeed.

Instead Mr. Mooney has collected some of the obvious, and often best-known, stories about Senator Johnson and made a book about them, rather than about the man himself. If one would like to know the surface story

(*Continued on page 28*)

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ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Heir of the Bauhaus

***"Sun and Shadow," by Marcel Breuer** (Dodd, Mead. 205 pp. $7.50), is a collection of essays on the problems of modern architecture by one of the leading exponents of the Bauhaus school. Sibyl Moholy-Nagy of New York's Pratt Institute reviews it below.*

By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy

THE modern migrants who are leaving the congested cities in search of the long-lost satisfactions of home ownership and contact with nature will find Marcel Breuer's "Sun and Shadow" a rewarding book. Although it is a monograph it contains well-organized essays on such varied architectural problems as "Sun and Shadow," "Architecture and Landscape," "Structures in Space," fireplaces, furniture, and color. The only hope for stemming the foul tide of speculation building that is at present destroying the American landscape lies with a better informed clientele. For it Breuer provides a wealth of ideas based on long experience as a designer of houses. Examples:

- The idea of transparency in building is within our reach. The question is: What do we do with it?
- A building should not imitate nature—it should be in contrast to nature.
- No nerve can relax if the eye is not comfortable.
- We cannot separate the two: responsibility based on experience and the adventure of progress. Experiment is one of the responsibilities of the architect, and I have found most clients willing to share the calculated risk.

In an era when most "Victors of Modern Architecture" scoff at the tedious, financially unrewarding task of designing middle-income houses Breuer's faith in the architect's obligation toward the home as the matrix of man is handsomely acknowledged by one of his clients. "Breuer lets the client grow with the house," writes Rufus Stillman, "making him feel that he is part of the creation."

In these pages Breuer offers sound and much-needed advice for fruitful collaboration between client and architect. Right after World War II Breuer designed a number of educational buildings and factories, and is now collaborating with two Europeans on the UNESCO headquarters in Paris. From the illustrations these large structures appear solidly designed and fit for their purpose. But they do not exceed the high standards achieved here and in Europe for public buildings in reenforced concrete construction. Whether one agrees with his esthetics or not, it is the individual house that proves Breuer's unique talent.

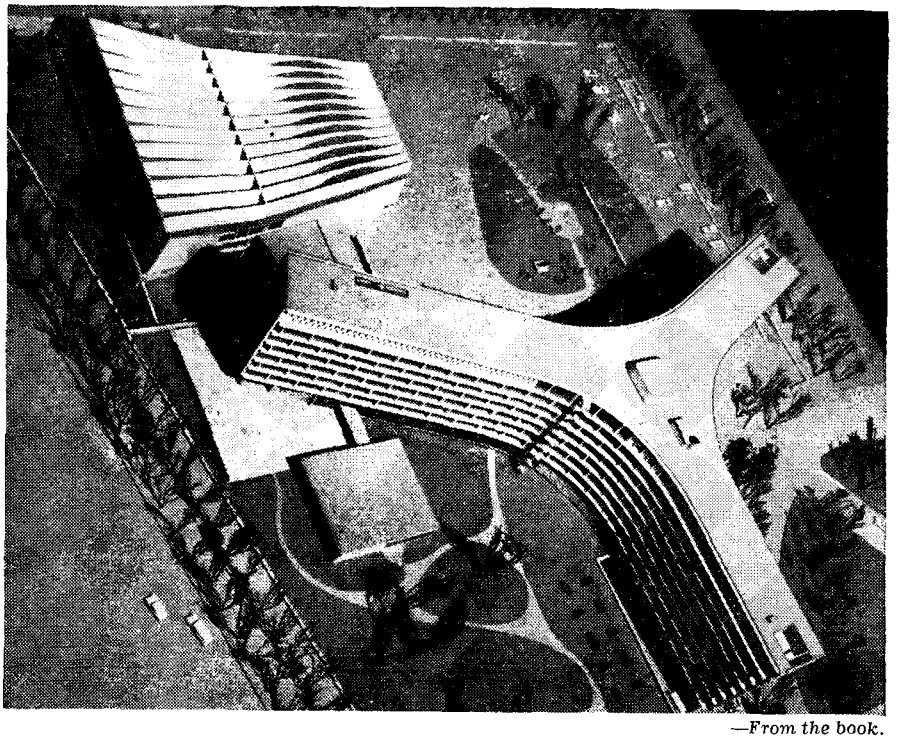
Why, then, did Breuer and his editor deem it necessary to invalidate the evidence of his talent with editorial comments in this book that bristle with historical inaccuracies and boisterous overstatements? There are now almost as many "pioneers of modern architecture" as there are Mayflower descendants. But to claim this distinction for an architect who built his first house in 1932 is preposterous. The house in Wiesbaden, Germany, with which he made his debut, owes everything to Le Corbusier's "Villa Savoie" and Mies van der Rohe's "Tugendhat House." No one will find fault in a young architect's willingness to learn from his predecessors as long as he acknowledges his debt. Breuer's most unique invention remains the continuous bent steel-tube frame for furniture (1925—) but it was Mies van der Rohe and not he who developed the first cantilever chair in 1926. To credit Breuer with the introduction of "natural materials" into modern architecture will make Frank Lloyd Wright roar with Olympian laughter.

TODAY Marcel Breuer is the most active representative of the tradition of the Bauhaus school of architecture, where he trained and taught between 1920 and 1928.

At his most successful, as in the Tompkins House (1945), Breuer has achieved what the founder of the Bauhaus, Walter Gropius, defined in 1920 as its architectural goal: "A clear organic architecture whose inner logic will be radiant and naked, unencumbered by lying façades and trickeries."

At their least appealing—The Cantilever House (1947), for instance—Breuer's compositions of horizontal box shapes, following the interior space with primitive honesty, his exposed tension cables and wood joints, crushing cyclopean stone walls and spindly load-bearing columns, prove that he has not yet surpassed another one of his old master's statements: "The evolution of form lags far behind the ideals which engender it."

To have ideals and to struggle for their formulation as seriously as Breuer has is a significant gift for a man to make to his contemporaries.



—From the book.

Marcel Breuer's design for UNESCO building in Paris (1953)—"a wealth of ideas."

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Link to God

"The Gothic Cathedral," by Otto von Simson *(Pantheon Books. 307 pp. $6.50), is an architectural historian's analysis of the relationship of the medieval mind to the churches constructed during the Middle Ages. Our reviewer is Wayne Andrews, author of a number of books and articles on architectural subjects.*

By Wayne Andrews

OTTO VON SIMSON is an intelligent architectural historian. Unlike many of his colleagues, he is well aware that piling fact on fact will never result in a skyscraper, much less a cathedral. So in "The Gothic Cathedral" he has taken the trouble to relate his analysis of the Gothic striving for luminosity and concordance of parts to the history of the twelfth century. This is fortunate, for few of his readers can pretend to anything like his understanding of the Middle Ages. What is more, few of his critics can hope to argue as nimbly as he can.

"The medieval mind," Dr. von Simson reminds us, "was preoccupied with the symbolic nature of the world of appearance." Lest we forget what symbols spelled in Gothic times he takes us to the dedication of the Canterbury choir in 1130. The assembly no sooner chanted that this was the court of the Lord than Henry II swore "by the death of God" that truly the sanctuary was awesome.

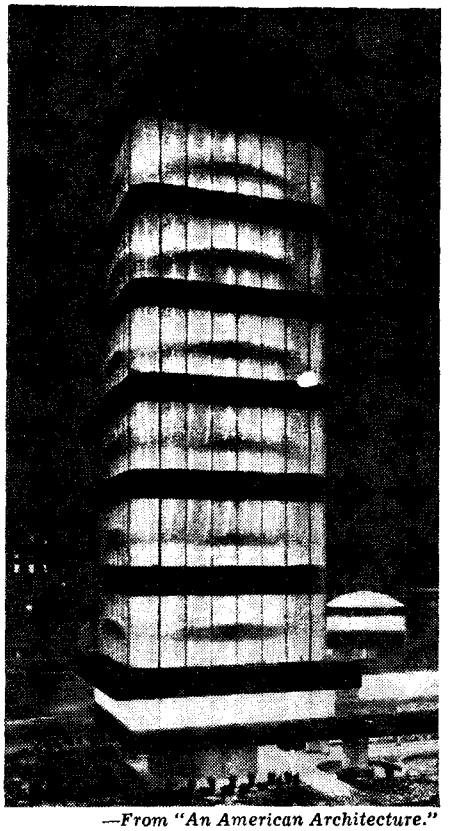
Unwilling to believe that the Gothic was the logical sequel to the Romanesque the author insists it was not the heir but the rival to its antecedent. "The more significant a work of art," he points out, "the more marked will be the elements of revolt, the destructive tendencies, even in regard to the work that served as a prototype." Positive that the Gothic cathedral represented a vision of heaven he has explored "the religious and metaphysical experience that demanded this new mode of representation."

Of course Dr. von Simson could scarcely avoid centering his attention on Sens, the first Gothic cathedral, on St. Denis, the first Gothic abbey, and on the first manifestations of Gothic sculpture on the west façades of Chartres and Saint Denis. Not for nothing, he feels, were Platonists linked with Chartres. "The masters of Chartres, like the Platonists and Pythagoreans of all ages, were obsessed with mathematics: it was considered the link between God and world, the magic tool that would unlock the secrets of both."

The author traces the inspiration of this school back to Saint Augustine, in whose eyes number was the source of all esthetic perfection. And in the appendix Dr. Ernst Levy contributes an essay—of more interest to professional mathematicians and architects than to the lay reader—on the proportions of the south tower of Chartres.

No knowledge of mathematics, however, is required when one comes across Suger's description of the stained-glass windows of St. Denis. "The entire sanctuary," wrote the Abbot, "is pervaded by a wonderful and continuous light entering through the most sacred windows." Dr. von Simson adds that this "is the first church where the façade is destined to evoke the idea that the sanctuary is, in the words of the liturgy, the gate of heaven."

Though much of what the author has to say on the origins of Gothic architecture can only be assessed at its true value by scholars, "The Gothic Cathedral" may be strongly recommended to those who have yet to digest Violletele-Duc's "Dictionnaire Raisonné." Written in such graceful English that one would never guess it was not this medievalist's native tongue, here is a book to be read and reread by thoughtful travelers to the great Gothic shrines.



—From "An American Architecture."
S. C. Johnson & Son research center (1947).

Our Elder Spaceman

"An American Architecture," by Frank Lloyd Wright *(edited by Edgar Kaufman. Horizon Press. 269 pp. $10), records in words and pictures the six decades of work of America's greatest architect. It is reviewed below by Peter Blake, who is architectural editor of* House & Home.

By Peter Blake

IN A sense Frank Lloyd Wright's book "An American Architecture" is the record of sixty years of his work. And what the record seems to show is that Wright changed the course of architecture not once but twice in his lifetime; that he fathered an entire movement after the turn of the century; and that he is, today, beginning to take architecture into a completely new world of form.

Wright's first major contribution (to state it simply) was the discovery of continuous space or, rather, of ways to make space act as a continuously moving entity, unrestricted by the confines of a building. In early projects like the 1902 boathouse in Madison, Wis., Wright dramatized this discovery in bold and simple terms: for the box-building he substituted a light and airy construction of separately articulated slabs, both horizontal and vertical—a slab for the floor, slabs for walls, a floating slab for the roof. The slabs rarely intersected; instead wherever possible they were separated by long slots of glass through which the contained space was permitted to continue out beyond the building envelope. In a country of great spaces and ever faster motion Wright had taken the first step toward an architecture characteristically American. The plane geometry of his structures served merely as a guide directing the flow of space within and without.

It was this "plane geometry Wright" who was adopted so enthusiastically by the Europeans after 1910. This was the Wright who inspired van der Rohe in his design of the Barcelona Pavilion, who first taught Neutra, who gave many of "International Style" architects their big send-off.

But while the "plane geometry Wright" was being celebrated in Europe and elsewhere the real Wright was getting ready to take a crucial and logical second step: he had made a reality of continuous space; now he began to let space-in-motion mold the building itself.

"Why not let walls, ceilings, floors

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become seen as component parts of each other, their surfaces flowing into each other?" Wright asked in 1932. It was a good question and it took the engineers some twenty years of close figuring to answer it. For today the continuously plastic structure Wright foresaw long ago, the structure whose warped and folded skin is entirely self-supporting—this is now an accepted building tool. As Wright had put it years before, "A new world of form opens inevitably."

Still, plasticity remained a tool, and Wright remained an architect. He was not primarily concerned with the invention of new structural forms—only space was the reality. But plasticity in structure produced an infinitely more complex space than the one Wright used to mold with his flat, extended planes. This is the kind of space that truly tests an architect—the kind of space that cannot be explained on a piece of paper, hence cannot be copied or taught. His mastery of this kind of space is Wright's true claim to greatness.

It is hard to believe that any two-dimensional book could give an inkling of Wright's accomplishments in three or four dimensions. Yet, because Mr. Kaufmann knew precisely what pictures to select and what words to edit this book does just that.

THE COLD WAR

The Meaning of Menticide

"The Rape of the Mind," by Joost A. M. Meerloo, M. D. *(World Publishing Co. 320 pp. $5), is a study of the psychology of brainwashing. Dr. Edmund Bergler, our reviewer, is a New York psychiatrist who has written sixteen books.*

By Edmund Bergler, M. D.

WHY do the Russians get so many confessions from Communists on trial?" Dr. Joost A. M. Meerloo, a Dutch psychiatrist now residing in this country, undertakes to answer that question in his book "The Rape of the Mind" by paying particular attention to the "Schwable case," that of a colonel in the Marine Corps who signed a confession that the United States used bacteriological warfare, a falsehood widely used in propaganda by the enemy. Dr. Meerloo, who testified as an expert in this trial, describes the colonel's state of mind before the confession in prison camp as follows:

> He is subjected to slow but constant pressures devised to break him down mentally. Humiliation, rough, inhuman treatment, degradation, intimidation, hunger, exposure to extreme cold—all have been used to crumble his will and to soften him. . . . He feels completely alone. He is surrounded by filth and vermin. For hours on end he has to stand up and answer the questions his interrogators hurl at him. He develops arthritic backache and diarrhea. He is not allowed to wash or shave. He does not know what will happen to him next. This treatment goes on for weeks.
>
> Then the hours of systematic and repetitious interrogation and oppression increase. . . . He cannot sleep any more. . . . If he just unburdens himself of his guilt, his interrogators tell him, he will be better treated. The inquisitor is treacherously kind and knows exactly what he wants. He wants the victim captured by the influence of a slowly induced hypnosis. . . .
>
> The colonel has in fact become hypnotized; he is now able to reproduce for his jailers bits and pieces of the confession they want from him. . . . By now the colonel has been completely broken. He has given in. All sense of reality is gone; identification with the enemy is complete. For weeks after signing the confession he is in a state of depression. His only wish is to sleep, to have rest from it all.

Dr. Meerloo told the court "that *nearly anybody* subjected to the treatment meted out to Colonel Schwable could be forced to write and sign a similar confession."

In explaining "menticide"—the psychiatric term for "brainwashing—Dr. Meerloo very reasonably puts less stress on the grotesque Russian simplification of Pavlov's "conditioned reflex" and on medication than on the psychological prerequisites: physical pressure, refined torture, moral pressure, unconscious guilt, fatigue, hunger, boring repetition, confusion by seemingly logical syllogisms, loss of logic, mental disintegration, hypnotic suggestion, lack of opportunity for

WHY DO THEY CONFESS?

EVIDENCE that there are ultimate methods of brainwashing which no one can resist have come from two directions in recent weeks. First, in Canada and the United States, researchers using their own colleagues as guinea pigs have shown that complete isolation causes disorientation in even a well-trained mind. What's more, such isolation makes it possible to feed completely absurd ideas into the subject's mind and have them accepted as truth.

—"Rape of the Mind."

From the other side of the world, the new Soviet leaders have admitted that the old Bolsheviks and other "enemies of the people" under Stalin were forced to confess to countless crimes they did not do. "How is it possible that a person confesses to crimes which he has not committed?" Khrushchev asked, and answered: "Because of the application of physical methods of pressuring, tortures, deprivation of judgment, taking away of his human dignity."

The mind recoils from the thought that it can be reduced to nothing or manipulated at will. Reaction to such evidence, as it was to the evidence that American POWs collaborated and even embraced Communism, is dual and opposite. On the one hand, it is hopeless: nothing can be done. On the other it is moralistic: only weaklings succumb. The new Code for POWs is in the latter field: a good soldier resists.

Three new books throw light on the nature of brainwashing and the Cold War, of which it is a principal weapon:

Just how does brainwashing work? Dr. Joost A. M. Meerloo analyzes its nature and use in "The Rape of the Mind," reviewed above.

Is it possible successfully to resist brainwashing? Edward Hunter offers some suggestions as to how it can be done in "Brainwashing" (page 25).

What feats of courage will men exhibit to escape brainwashing? Slavomir Rawicz tells his own incredible experiences after escaping from a Siberian prison camp in "The Long Walk," reviewed on page 24.

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communicating, dissent and opposition, and terrorization.

The decisive element in inner resistance against brainwashing seems to be "ego strength of the person." Here Dr. Meerloo encounters some difficulties; sometimes he defines this as the opposite of the "need to collapse," sometimes as having "conquered infantile dependency needs," sometimes as strong identification. By not identifying psychic masochism—the *unconscious* pleasure-in-displeasure pattern—as the core of "submissiveness" the author deprives himself of the strongest argument for his own thesis that the possibility of "brainwashing" is nearly universal.

In parts "The Rape of the Mind" lacks proper balance. At times Dr. Meerloo oversimplifies psychiatric concepts, as in his explanation of the typical childhood situation; at others he talks over the heads of the reader for whom the book is intended, psychiatric layman. For example, he explains some confessions as the result of unconscious guilt: "It is easier to confess to the accusation of treason and sabotage than to accept the frightening sense of criminality with which his long-forgotten aggressive impulses now burden him." The author alludes to a complex mechanism of "taking the blame for the lesser intrapsychic crime" but he does not distinguish here between real aggression and the spurious one which covers self-damaging vicissitudes. Or the author assumes that the prisoner's "submissive relationship" to his guards and inquisitors is the result of latent homosexual tendencies and craving for affection; once more, he overlooks the unconscious self-damage.

Objection can be also taken to Dr. Meerloo's inclusion of too much controversial material only tangentially related, such as Congressional investigations.

"The Rape of the Mind" is at its best when Dr. Meerloo relates his personal experiences and observations during the Nazi occupation in Holland and presents the psychiatric data gathered while he was chief of the Psychological Department of the Netherland Army. His text is excellent when he talks about panic reactions and the technique of brainwashing. To my mind he is justified in drawing attention to this new menace and in his opinion that the totalitarian outlook is "based on the naive belief that one can permanently suppress any critical function and verification in human thinking."

Friday So Soon

By Winfield Townley Scott

THERE were many people on the island
Though, looking back at it now, it seems we were
Married with exile; we were allowed
The customary two weeks; the first
Floated like a slowed dream, like those boats
Windless and weightless and mirrored
Within folded lusters of air. The sea—
It is strange how at once on the island
You forget sea as the way of travel: others'
Continual arrival and disappearance
Enclosed us—safely, we thought, while
The sea-way which bore and must take us
Became God's moat to keep us.
We played in and out of it repeatedly.
Along shore that grass we almost sank in.
Weather spiraled from the full moon: storm
Shot rain and spray in salt horizontals
Three days. There was that too. Yet afterwards
The evening star like a pinwheel nail
Set all the galaxies awhirl until
Our island spun among them—
And then the sun with its wide quietness
Covered the sky and sea. The last days
Grew tense with being last: for instance,
Time and desire to swim nearly vanished.
We looked from sea at the grass and trees and flowers.
We were stilled by a recollected plan.
Sometimes I think it was all—but whose?—invention.
And yet how real you seemed when we ran with the sea.

Fearsome Flight

"The Long Walk," by Slavomir Rawicz, as told to Ronald Downing *(Harper. 240 pp. $3.50), is the story of four Poles, one American, one Lithuanian, and one Czech, who resisted the efforts of the Russians to brainwash them, escaped from a Siberian camp, and endured incredible hardships in a dash to India and freedom.*

By Raymond Holden

TALES from German and Russian prison camps have somewhat hardened us to cruelty and suffering. Things which few human beings would have believed twenty-five years ago now seem commonplace. Yet even to the hardened American audience of postwar readers the story Slavomir Rawicz tells in "The Long Walk" must come with startling impact.

Rawicz was a young Polish Cavalry officer arrested by the Russians in 1939 and groundlessly accused as a spy. The Soviet Supreme Court wasted months torturing and questioning him, trying to get him to sign papers which they would not let him read. Failing to break him they sentenced him to twenty-five years at hard labor in Siberia. He and several thousand others were herded in the dead of a Russian winter, by train, lorry, and shank's mare, thousands of miles northeast to a camp in the vicinity of Yakutsk, only a little south of the Arctic Circle. Here there were no barracks until the prisoners built them. Small wonder that the idea of escape entered Rawicz's head. Smaller wonder that, stimulated by the Commandant's pitying wife, the idea became an obsession.

The Pole, with six companions, made careful preparations and succeeded in breaking out of the camp. Yet what happened thereafter made the horrors of inquisition and imprisonment seem like a game. Without compass, without firearms, with handmade clothing and boots, and with food enough only for a few days, Rawicz and his companions traveled four thousand miles in something like a year, four of them reaching safety in India. Three of the original seven and a young Polish girl refugee whom they picked up on the way died of scurvy, exposure, or accident.

When the escape party left the banks of the Lena they knew that there was only one way for them to go—south. South they went, living on what they could find in rivers, forests, and night-raided settlements. They

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crossed the Trans-Siberian Railway and entered Inner Mongolia, crossed the Gobi desert without water, living on snakes, threaded their way through Kansu and the wild passes of Tibet, and crossed the Himalayas, sleeping in the open on bitter nights, often standing up to keep themselves from freezing. Rawicz asserts—and this is what attracted the narrator, Ronald Downing, to him—that he saw on a shelf in the Himalayas, not a hundred yards from where he and his companions lay watching for more than an hour, two seven-foot-tall furry creatures who never dropped on all fours and who showed no fear of men. Rawicz had not at the time heard of the Abominable Snowman, but that is what he now believes they were. Incredible as this may seem it is no more so than the Long Walk itself.

Ronald Downing, who dug the story out of the gloomy cavern of the author's shocked mind, has done a splendid job of narration considering that Rawicz's memory, dulled by suffering at the time and clouded by the passage of fifteen years, has not been able to supply many geographical details. The travelers seldom knew where they were, and since they avoided centers of population never had any accurate checking points. This makes for some confusion and occasional discrepancy, but it does not dim the magnificence of the will to live and be free which drove Rawicz and his companions—one American, one Lithuanian, one Czech, and three Poles. It is possible that no other men have made such a journey. It is well to be reminded occasionally of the strength which the human spirit can give to the human body.

Why They Survived

"Brainwashing: The Story of Men Who Defied It," by Edward Hunter *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 310 pp. $3.75), tells how the Chinese Communists used their perverted psychological techniques on soldiers and civilians and offers some conclusions as to the qualities that produced successful resistance. Our reviewer is Virginia Pasley of the staff of Long Island's* Newsday, *author of "21 Stayed," an account of the G.I. defectors in the Korean War.*

By Virginia Pasley

EDWARD HUNTER, who has made a long and detailed study of the men and women who have successfully resisted the insidious combination of physical and psychological techniques so carefully devised by the Chinese Communists, has discovered certain factors those who resisted have in common. He reports them in his new book, "Brainwashing: The Story of Men Who Defied It."

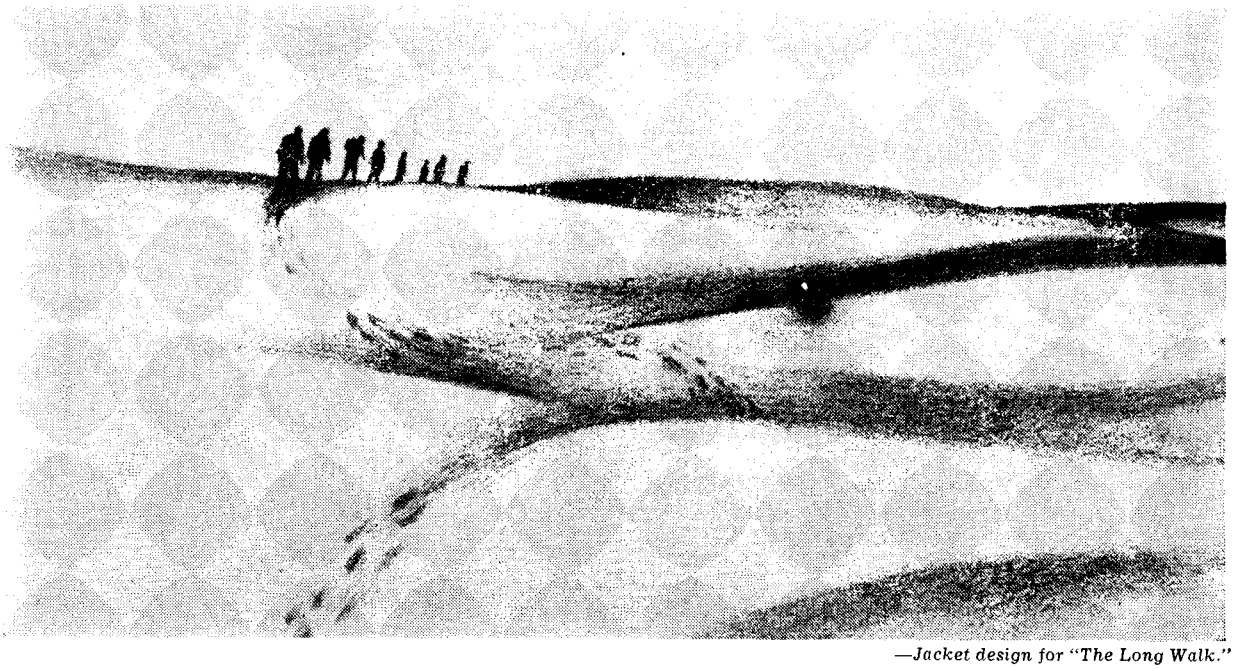
Some of these factors—deep faith, unusual adaptability, a crusading spirit—are too rare to have immediate practicality. Some methods, like attempting to outwit the techniques and their users aggressively, are dangerous for universal use. Others have more direct application and possibility of readier attainment. These include adaptability, confidence, group feelings, clarity of mind, ability to keep one's mind occupied, and knowledge of the enemy's methods and goals as well as of one's own purpose.

One quality which Hunter lists is certain to kick up a controversy. That is a "closed mind." Those who said to themselves, "I won't listen. I don't care what they say, I just won't believe them," had a stronger defense than those who "lured by the siren cry of objectivity walked into the Red trap with open eyes." This sounds like adopting the Communist's own attitude toward outside ideas. However, it can be justified on the ground that lies form part of the treatment, and open-mindedness to the words of a confirmed liar is hardly a demonstration of objectivity.

All this brings us back to the prime importance of knowledge and education about Communism and Communist methods. Experience with Communism, Mr. Hunter points out, as others have noted, was one of the factors accounting for the high resistance by Negro POWs who frequently had little formal education.

"Truth," Mr. Hunter writes, "is the most important serum and integrity the most devastating weapon that can be used against the totalitarian concept. Facts can demolish the entire fake Communist paradise. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the task of getting these facts across to the people who need and can use them."

In addition to its searing stories of how the Communists used their perverted techniques on both soldiers and civilians "Brainwashing" includes new details as to how Pavlov's work with animals was perverted for use on humans. It also includes psychiatric explanations by Dr. Leon Freedom.



—Jacket design for "The Long Walk."

". . . the magnificence of the will to live and be free . . . the strength the human spirit can give the human body."

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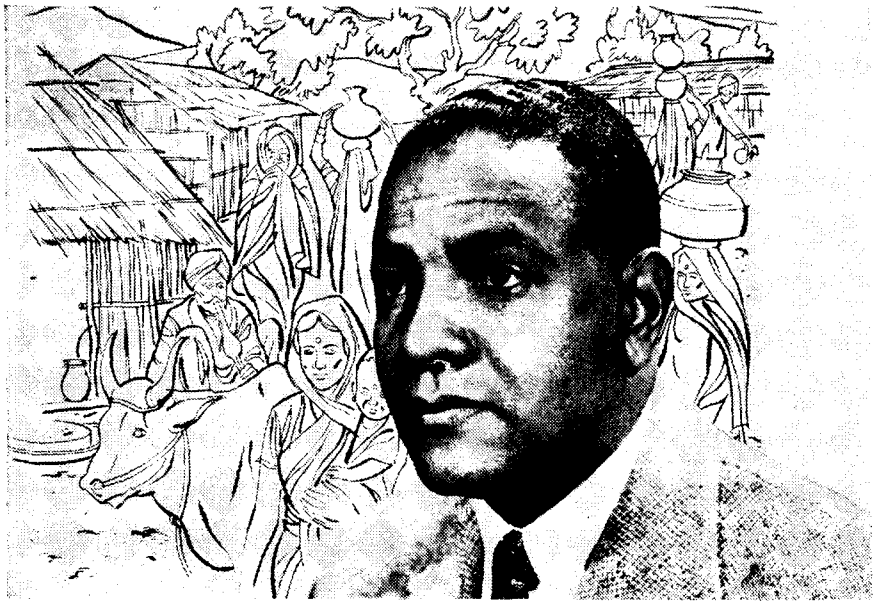

—Minneapolis Star & Tribune.

Carl T. Rowan—"brilliant and diligent reporter."

An Asian Obsession

"The Pitiful and the Proud," by Carl T. Rowan *(Random House. 432 pp. $5), is a report by an American Negro newspaperman on the year he spent in India, Pakistan, and half a dozen countries in Southeast Asia. Our reviewer is Margaret Parton, for many years a correspondent in India for* The New York Herald Tribune.

By Margaret Parton

THE first encounter with India is for most Westerners a considerable shock. There is the shock of poverty, always far worse than had been imagined. There is the shock of discovering that the Indians one has met in America, so smooth, so soft-eyed, so spiritual, bear little resemblance to the brawling emaciated masses of India, or to the wild-eyed young hecklers in college audiences.

There is sometimes the shock of misunderstanding. One reporter, arriving for the first time in Calcutta, concluded immediately that the country villages must be in a state of chaos, since their cows were wandering all over the city streets. Another, noting the red stains of betel juice on the sidewalks, decided that everyone in India was suffering from tuberculosis.

And Walter Lippmann will perhaps forgive this reporter for revealing that he once suffered a similar shock of misunderstanding during his first hour in India: driving from the airport into New Delhi, he noted an eight-year-old girl carrying a baby brother on her hip, and his eyes grew wide in horror. "I'd heard about child marriage in India," he exclaimed, "but I had no idea it was this bad!"

Carl Rowan had few shocks of misunderstanding—although his assumption, recorded in his book "The Pitiful and the Proud," that an old man peacefully sharing a mud hut with a cow is necessarily unhappy, or that a naked boy riding a water buffalo into a mud hole is a "squalid" scene, might be put into the categories of misunderstanding. But for him there was a greater shock, the shock suffered by a literate and sensitive American Negro who discovers that India is probably the most racially-conscious country in the world today.

Like J. Saunders Redding, another Negro writer who recorded his experiences in "An American in India," Mr. Rowan went to India as a State Department grantee, prepared to lecture as an American, a distinguished journalist, and a man who knows that, despite the segregationists, all men are brothers. Like Mr. Redding, he found that to Indians the fact of his color was the most important thing about him.

"Once I wore a sport shirt and white cotton trousers," he reports, "wanting to be a regular guy and mingle with the newsmen. When I was thought to be out of hearing distance one reporter told the others that the fact that I wasn't 'decked out in a tie and suit,' like other visiting American VIPs, indicated that I was too economically downtrodden to afford these things. Another time I spoke before a group of newsmen in Madras while wearing my best suit, only to have a fiery student visitor stand before me and charge that Wall Street had dressed me up to pose as a 'phony example of the supposedly free and prosperous Negro'!"

HIS conclusions are bitter: ". . . this concern with color had become close to an obsession and I was convinced that for many years to come race would be an important factor in India's foreign policy. . . . Now it seemed that India itself was strolling on a bitter road named Racism in Reverse. . . . Asian questions about racism in America are not asked out of a deep concern about the American Negro. Basically they are an expression of the Asian's concern about *himself*, of *his own* quest for status and dignity."

He attributes much of this situation of course to the sinister activities of the Communists. Unlike Mr. Redding, he did not find a Communist under every charpoy, yet he found the Red menace greater and more frightening than he imagined it would be. Unless the arrogant intellectuals of India turn their attention to the pitiful poor of their own country, he concludes, the Red tinge will become reality.

Mr. Rowan is a brilliant and diligent reporter. He also travelled through Burma, Thailand, Malaya, Indonesia, Indochina, Hong Kong, the Philippines, and covered the Bandung Conference. It is a big book.

One wishes, though, that Mr. Rowan had not been quite so thoroughly the diligent, serious reporter. If he had taken time to relax and enjoy himself in India he might better have caught the tempo of time, of timelessness. If he had looked with more indulgent humor on the wild-eyed young college hecklers he might have remembered our own young students of the Thirties, and been able to picture these Indian youths as pillars of the Chamber of Commerce, which they will be in another ten years. If he had visited the community projects, the laboratories, the Gandhian ashrams, or the Himalayas his notable book might have acquired the dimensions it now lacks—the dimensions of gentleness and hope.

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South-American Shakeup

"Argentine Upheaval," by Arthur P. Whitaker *(Frederick A. Praeger. 179 pp. $3.50), the first volume of the new Foreign Policy Research Institute Series, tells the story of Perón's fall and the two regimes that have followed. Our reviewer is A. Curtis Wilgus, director of the School of Inter-American Studies at the University of Florida.*

By A. Curtis Wilgus

ARTHUR P. WHITAKER'S new book, "Argentine Upheaval," is not so much the story of the five months (June 16 to December 1, 1955) that shook Argentina, but rather an account of 167 days when Argentina shook. The shaking which Argentina underwent was both political and economic, and to some extent religious and social. The perturbation was caused by the overthrow of Dictator Perón and the transition from his military Government to two other military Governments in succession.

General Eduardo Lonardi's description a few days after he took over the Government of what happened is not too historically accurate, though his remarks are quoted by Professor Whitaker in his introduction and on the jacket of the volume. The new President said that Argentina "gave the world the first example of an absolutely totalitarian government—armed with all the weapons of propaganda and force, and seconded by a misled but important sector of the people—overturned not by a foreign war, but by the people's love for liberty, their heartbeat of honor, and complete sacrifice."

Anyone who has studied the political vicissitudes of our Latin-American neighbors during the past century will readily agree that this kind of thing has happened before and will certainly happen again—at least as long as dictators engage in double talk, double dealing, and double-entry bookkeeping. The actors change, the scenery is shifted, but the spoken and acted lines remain almost the same. And as for predicting what may happen next even Professor Whitaker acknowledges that he erred in his "The United States and Argentina" (1954). It is still too soon to visualize in detail what may be the new Argentina's new relations with the United States even when the prognostication is based on Dr. Whitaker's brief description and evaluation of Argentine diplomacy.

June 16 to September 19, 1955 were crucial days in Perón's life and for the future of Argentina. He had weathered previous threats and he had temporarily retrieved the political helm after Evita's death. But his unfortunate, egotistically-inspired socio-religious bout with the Catholic Church gave his critics in the military and elsewhere the incentive and opportunity to deal a concerted blow to his theory of political "justicilism" despite the support of his more or less still faithful *descamisados*. The handwriting on the wall was in plain and simple Spanish, but Perón chose not to see it. Press censorship blurred some of this handwriting, and Peronista bully-boys rubbed out some of the writers, but the military—the only really well-organized, articulate public opinion in so many Latin-American countries—had ways of their own to remove a general from the Presidency. This was probably not a Catholic coup, nor was it a Communist coup. But it was the beginning of the end for Perón and he soon went into a restless exile. Professor Whitaker tells the details of this story in the first part of his book.

Under General Lonardi the "caretaker" Government (unfortunately named) failed to carry on successfully, and General Aramburu on November 3 succeeded to the uneasy executive Argentina political saddle. With the hope that he will not have to ride off in all directions, the new executive has followed a road both rough and circuitous. How far he can get no one can foresee for political, economic, and labor roadblocks lie ahead. Professor Whitaker calls these "classes, power groups, and parties" and briefly examines each one.

The final, and slightly longest, portion of the book deals with the international relations of Argentina, with special emphasis on its relations with the United States. Here there is nothing new for the student, and the treatment suffers from a lack of perspective—which is of course no fault of the author.

The story of recent Argentine history is not ready for either a detailed study or an accurate narration. For one thing, we must wait for more stories about Perón to match those about Evita! Meanwhile Professor Whitaker has given us a reasonable facsimile of the picture as clearly as it can be seen today.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY: Writing more as a prophet than a politician, Chester Bowles predicts in **"American Politics in a Revolutionary World"** (Harvard University Press, $2.25) that this country, as leader of the free world's response to the Communist challenge, stands on the threshold of a great new era in her development. But the politicians are lagging behind. Instead of calling for a "broader, bolder, more constructive approach" to the Red threat they seem content this year to refight the familiar battles of the New Deal and the Welfare State, although, as Bowles sees it, these concepts are as readily accepted by bipartisan majorities today as earlier generations came to support the "revolutionary" notions of Jefferson and Lincoln. For the party which first dares to identify itself with this emerging internationalist trend Bowles foresees as rosy a political future as awaited the Republicans after 1860 or the Democrats after 1932.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

The Zoo

By Anthony Ostroff

THE elephant never forgets.
Africa sailed away
The forests burned
And all the streams went dry.
But as his great bulk turns
Within his tiny eye,
As if those wrinkles smiled,
The lowing song is heard.

The polar bear never forgets.
The arctic thawed apart
The water warmed
And all the cold fish died.
But as he roars alarm
And turns within his cage
His huge paws form
Their great applauding heart.

Even the turtle dove
Whose sky has lost its air
Does not forget
And from his wire bar,
Perched for that old wit
Of green and sun, stares out
On flying doves, and yet
Sings yet again of love.

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Politics

Continued from page 20

of an extremely able Senate tactician, who understands the hard facts of the lives of Senators, if one would like to know the details of Senator Johnson's heart attack and his recovery, then here is a book worth a quick reading.

—L. L. L. G.

MR. THROTTLEBOTTOM, NEW MODEL: From a target for jesters the Vice Presidency has risen in importance to such eminence that the choices of both parties at the conventions later this month will be election issues. In **"The Rise of the Vice Presidency"** (Public Affairs Press, $4.50) Irving G. Williams has written a valuable book on a position that will continue to develop with the growing stature of the nation in world affairs. No other Vice President, Mr. Williams (who is chairman of the departments of history and social studies at St. John's University) points out, has had greater responsibility than that given to Vice President Nixon by President Eisenhower. And this antedates the illness of the President. From being the truly forgotten men the Vice Presidential candidates in this year's election may well be more controversial than the Presidential nominees.

Even though seven Vice Presidents became President as a result of deaths, during most of American national history the men chosen for the Vice Presidential slot could almost be classed as nonentities. Wisely, Professor Williams emphasizes the period from Theodore Roosevelt to Mr. Nixon and has written useful sketches of the men who were in line of succession. The author also ably discusses the constitutional and legal problems of Presidential disability. This is a comprehensive work, clearly written and of value to all who take an active part or interest in American politics.

—L. L. L. G.

Fiction

Continued from page 18

Jim, the bastard boy who is the town's outcast (and who is her own Prince). Here at last also, while a flood of mythic proportions sweeps away the town around her, Lovey learns that the power of love is stronger than the mockery of hate and that God does not withhold this power from even his most abject creatures.

In some ways Miss Boylen's characterization of Lovey, as in all true characterizations, partakes of a degree of typicality. She is the more exuberant twin of the boy who, a few years ago, imagined himself to be the Catcher in the Rye. In addition the novel in which she is to be found is somewhat in the tradition of the Southern Eccentric school of writing, displaying a tough-minded, yet exacerbated romanticism lightened by flights of whimsey.

But young Lovey herself is new and individual. Her feelings run deeply and honestly through the stream of fresh-minted, lilting language in which the story is written. And as for the oddities of the events and of the characters there is only one answer: Miss Boylen is a writer who manages, from the vantage-point of a rather mad and quirky fictional world, to make some touching and profound observations of the real world.

ALSO NOTED: "A Chip on My Shoulder," by Eric North (Roy, $2.50), starts with the murder of Steve Carmichael, who was hard on the heels of an Australian narcotics gang. Both Steve's reporter-friend Merton Ryde and the Criminal Investigation Bureau pick up the lost trail, but it is Merton's dogged sleuthing and clues acquired from old flames of Steve that lead to the least suspected character of the lot. Class-B melodrama with all the artificial trimmings.

"I Am Julie," by Mary K. Harris (Crowell, $3.50), tells of Julia Lambert's emotionally mixed-up years, many of which she spends worrying herself silly over a brooch she stole from a boarding-school mistress when she was sixteen. A young doctor gives her sympathy and understanding which serve as antidote to the smothering protectiveness of her widowed-grandfather's housekeeper. At the novel's end there appears to be hope that Julie may yet come of age. Miss Harris, an English writer, tells her story with a determined understatement that ignores the deeper possibilities of the situation.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PUB-CRAWL

Elizabeth Keen of Laramie, Wyo., has selected the names of twenty fictional inns and has jumbled beside them the names of the stories in which they appear and of the authors of the stories. She asks you to assign the correct inns to the correct stories and to the correct authors. Key Column 3 on Column 1. Bar opens on page 35.

1.	Hercules Pillars	( )	"Adventures in the Skin Trade"	( ) Arnold Bennett
2.	Peter's Finger	( )	"Clayhanger"	( ) George Borrow
3.	The Admiral Benbow	( )	"Evan Harrington"	( ) Samuel Butler
4.	The Angel at Chippenham	( )	"Fortitude"	( ) Joyce Cary
5.	The Antelope	( )	"Herself Surprised"	( ) Agatha Christie
6.	The Bending Mule	( )	"The Heart of Midlothian"	( ) Joseph Conrad
7.	The Bull's Head	( )	"Howards End"	( ) Daniel Defoe
8.	The Case Is Altered	( )	"Humphry Clinker"	( ) Charles Dickens
9.	The Cheshire Cheese	( )	"Moll Flanders"	( ) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
10.	The Crown	( )	"Pickwick Papers"	( ) George Eliot
11.	The Dragon	( )	"Silas Marner"	( ) Henry Fielding
12.	The George	( )	"The Adventure of the Speckled Band"	( ) E. M. Forster
13.	The Green Dragon	( )	"The Confidential Agent"	( ) Graham Greene
14.	The Marquis of Granby	( )	"The Mayor of Casterbridge"	( ) Thomas Hardy
15.	The Rainbow Inn	( )	"The Murder of Roger Ackroyd"	( ) George Meredith
16.	The Red Lion, Benditch	( )	"The Romany Rye"	( ) Sir Walter Scott
17.	The Steven Stars	( )	"The Secret Agent"	( ) Robert Louis Stevenson
18.	The Spring Garden	( )	"The Way of All Flesh"	( ) Tobias Smollett
19.	The Swan and Bottle	( )	"Tom Jones"	( ) Dylan Thomas
20.	The Three Boars	( )	"Treasure Island"	( ) Hugh Walpole

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A New Method of Writing Ballet

LONDON, ENGLAND.

FOR hundreds of years the development of the art of ballet has been crippled by the lack of a really practical system of notation, as precise and economic in its own way as music notation. A long series of dance notation systems were invented, but the problems involved in recording the movements of all parts of the body of a number of dancers, in three demensions of space and one of time, proved insuperably difficult. If a system was simple it was imprecise and incomplete; if it aimed at precision and completeness it was desperately complicated and hopelessly slow to write and read.

In the twentieth century the rise of modern dance led to an important new development—the movement notation invented by Rudolf von Laban and described by him in books published in Germany in 1926 and 1928. In a way very characteristic of modern dance, Laban classified movements in terms of direction (forward, left, right, etc.) and level (deep, medium, high), and devised symbols to show the parts of the body moving through these classifications. His symbols moved up the page on a vertical staff. Since then a number of modern dancers and modern-dance teachers have worked independently in various countries, building up systems of dance notation based on Laban's *Kinetographie;* in England three different Laban "dialects" are in use by various groups. Things are better organized in America. Some work has been done in adapting Laban systems to ballet, and Balanchine has commissioned Labanotation experts to record some of his ballets; but after thirty years the progress made in this direction is small compared with that in modern dance.

The Benesh Notation had a very different origin and has developed in a very different way. Nine years ago Joan Benesh, working as a solo dancer and choreographer in musicals, found herself desperately in need of a simple but precise notation for her compositions. She called in the help of Rudolf Benesh (who is both painter and musician), and they began to work in collaboration. Three years later Joan Benesh joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and from then on the Beneshes tested their ideas on a wide variety of ballets and styles of dancing in the Wells repertoire. They were determined to perfect a system that was really practical under tough professional conditions. For simplicity they adopted the five-line staff of music notation, along with music's dynamic indications, phrase marks, accents, etc., and secured synchronism of music and movement by writing the dancing in measures under the music. They imagined a dancer (seen from the back) standing against the staff and used neat symbols to mark the exact position in space of important parts of the body (hands, elbows, feet, knees, head, etc.). This summary pictorial representation provided a very accurate record (to within an inch or so) of the line of the dancer's body in three demensions, irrespective of the dance-technique in use, and yet was astonishingly quick and easy to draw.

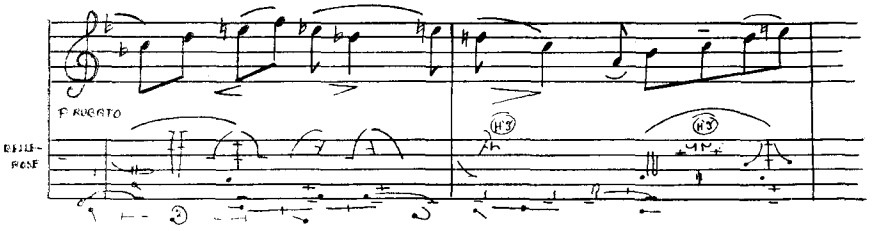
Moving on from this simple but precise record of positions, the Beneshes developed a remarkable system of movement lines, showing the exact path of movement in space of the main parts of the body—something quite new in dance notation. These movements-lines, in turn, made possible the development of shorthand versions of standard steps which were precise but assumed that the reader was a trained dancer; highly original choreography was of course analyzed and recorded in detail. Further work led to handy but accurate methods of recording the intricacies of movement in *pas de deux,* and finally to complete scores showing the movements, direction of facing and traveling, and position on the stage of each dancer at each moment.

AFTER eight years of testing, modification, and re-testing they got all the "bugs" out and perfected a solution for each problem. Margot Fonteyn, highly impressed, arranged a demonstration in her official capacity of President of the Royal Academy of Dancing. One of those attending this demonstration was Ninette de Valois, director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Eight months later the Sadler's Wells organization announced its adoption.

In the same way that directors of factories in every country have to take seriously the pioneer work on automation in America, directors of ballet companies in every country are affected by the invention of the Benesh Notation, for—quite apart from its general artistic advantages— it makes possible major economies in time and money. If dancers learn their parts from scripts, like actors and opera-singers, the rehearsal time needed for changes of cast, revivals, and new productions can be considerably shortened.

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet is now at work on a new ballet with music by Benjamin Britten, choreography by John Cranko, decor by John Piper, and costumes by Desmond Heeley: the illustration below shows an extract in Benesh Notation (recorded by Joan Benesh) from a solo in Act I, danced by the heroine Bellerose. John Cranko is well aware of the value of the Benesh Notation, for his ballet "The Lady and the Fool" was fully recorded even before the system was publicly endorsed.

The new ballet "The Prince of the Pagodas" will have its première at Covent Garden in mid-September. In many ways it breaks fresh ground. Though music by Britten has been used for several ballets this new Wells ballet is the first to be commissioned from Britten. It is in three acts, lasting an entire evening, and is the first new full-length ballet to be produced in England in this century.



The story of the new ballet has been adapted by Cranko from a variety of fairy-tales and myths. The hero (to be danced by David Blair) is under an enchantment and appears in the form of a green serpent. He can return to his proper form only through winning the love of a woman; and so the heroine (the lovely and lyrical Beriosova) is transported to his palace with her eyes bandaged.

Britten has been working hard on the score since his return from his long trip to the East, and is near the end of it. Cranko is delighted with the music (which comes to him in instalments) and with the way in which the composer has tackled the problems involved in writing for ballet. It is a happy augury that it is linked to a new method, literally, of writing a ballet. —FERNAU HALL.

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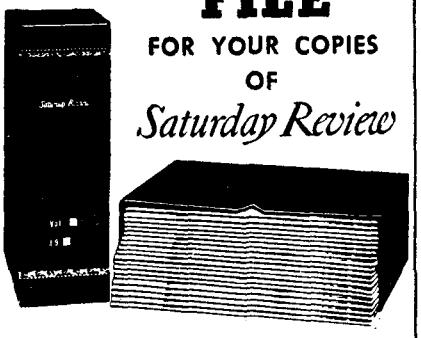

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Optimism Under the Pines

THE STEADY popularity of the outdoor historical drama as a summer tourist attraction in the Southeastern United States is an established fact. Since it entertains successfully and since its message is on the side of high ideals it does to a certain extent defy the kind of drama criticism that attends a Broadway play. Yet Pulitzer-Prize playwright Paul Green and director Sam Selden, who have pioneered this "symphonic drama" movement, have indicated that they are eager for a tough-minded appraisal of their work.

Their most recent creation, "Wilderness Road," is currently in its second season at the new 1,791-seat Indian Fort Theatre near Berea, Kentucky. With interludes of folk-singing, folk-dancing, narration, illustrative scenes, and a bit of comic relief, it tells the story of a semi-fictitious John Freeman who fought for the ideal of education without discrimination during the Civil War period despite conventional opposition from status-quo slaveholders and hot-blooded night-riders who burned his school and beat him. In Mr. Green's compassionate hands there is less of that negative and bitter criticism which his strong earlier plays hurled at the white man's behavior. Rather he shows us John Freeman struggling affirmatively to accomplish his ideals without resorting to violence, only to surrender to that evil when one of his disciples is wounded fighting against the pro-slavery Confederacy. At the play's end, after he has been killed in battle, Mr. Green affirms the wisdom of John Freeman's death as a Christlike self-proving of his ideals, and its value as an example that obliges future generations of Christian-minded Americans to prove he did not die in vain.

For the audience, in large part Southerners, Freeman's demise must seem accidental, but it also becomes a reminder that compliance with the Supreme Court ruling against segregation in schools has a Christian basis. The fact that "Wilderness Road" is being performed at Berea College, which from its pre-Civil War beginnings made non-segregation a part of its policy, gives additional pause to those who may think such notions impractical, new-fangled, and disastrous.

As mounted on the large center stage and the two smaller side stages with a cast of good semi-professional actors the production is credible, skilful, and efficient. But its declamatory style and wide scope prevent any individual performance from seeming remarkable. Sometimes the proceeding are undisguised sermonizing. Occasionally in the character of the pro-slavery spokesman, Jed Willis, old-fashioned melodrama raises its head. Well-staged spectacle is there too, with a realistic battle complete with fireworks taking place in front of us. And often when the actors are singing the lovely folk tunes Mr. Green has dug up we feel as though we are watching a first-rate musical comedy of the "Paint Your Wagon" variety.

It is perhaps a big-city neuroticism that makes the sophisticated theatregoer dissatisfied with these conglomerate wonders and causes him to wish for a more tense, original, and exciting accumulation of dramatic impact. But somehow Mr. Green in putting form ahead of content does not seem to have penetrated as deep into his material as one expects a great playwright to do. For the most part emotions seem too closely tied to logic and convention.

BUT there is one point in "Wilderness Road" where we suddenly find ourselves gripped, and that is the quiet moment when John Freeman senses the despair of his struggle while the organ softly reprises a hauntingly beautiful old hymn, "Jesus walked this lonesome valley, / He had to walk it by himself. / Oh, nobody else could walk it for him. He had to walk it by himself." Here for a spell we feel a part of something eternal as well as the playwright's challenge of the human condition, a challenge lacking in the abstract phrases dominating the rest of this play.

Two directions would seem possible avenues of development for "Wilderness Road." The easiest would be to weave it more into the "Down in the Valley" form, shortening the arbitrarily dramatic sequences and using music to tell the emotional part of the story. The other would be to rewrite the story with more focus on John Freeman's inner thoughts. These might include a replaying of the scene in which John as a child saw his unarmed father shot dead trying to stop a feud, the tug of war between his love for a girl and his obligation to his ideals, more complexities considered in arriving at decisions, a death whose character seems predestined

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and perhaps mirrors that of his father, and a final more searching inquiry into whether John Freeman's living on as a wise "coward" might not have been preferable to his "heroic" death.

At Roanoke Island, separated from the Atlantic winds by the long North Carolina strip of sand that leads down to Cape Hatteras, Paul Green's first outdoor tribute to the creators of this country's history is celebrating its twentieth anniversary. Its amphitheatre is similar to the one at Berea, except that the salt air and sea background bring an element of mystery to a story that is one of history's most fascinating unsolved riddles. "The Lost Colony" shows us the first English settlers coming to the very spot upon which the drama is being performed, all of which makes the actors glow like ghosts from the past. Using a narrating historian to recount the story, and to give us a painless history lesson to boot, Mr. Green shows us the Elizabethan England from which the colonists come, their struggle with hostile Indians, and finally their decision to move south to avoid being captured by a marauding Spanish ship. The last portion is conjectural, with no one knowing whether this colony was murdered by Indians, hauled off by a Spanish ship, or its surviving members amalgamated with friendly Indians to account for some blue-eyed fair-haired redskins encountered by the Jamestown colonists twenty years later. Again, as in "Wilderness Road," Mr. Green finds value in a courageous struggle ending in extinction. And again it is the dream, the ideal, the future accomplishment by others who follow it, that gives meaning to their simple bravery. Because "The Lost Colony" is set in the period when Shakespeare was beginning to write Mr. Green writes some of it in Shakespearean style. His best character is "Old Tom," an English drunkard who starts out as a prattling slapstick fool but winds up with a touch of greatness under the pressure of responsibilities imposed by life in the new world. There is colorful Indian dancing expertly choreographed, but somewhat less music than in "Wilderness Road." Yet this earlier play is more of a piece and Mr. Green's passion for some of its characters and events seems stronger.

One cannot help but wish both productions well and respect Mr. Green's faith in the forces and ideals that have carried our country through imperiling dangers. But the outdoor amphitheatre has all the disadvantages that attend a picture-frame stage plus the loss of intimacy and focus that comes from a spreading out of the picture and the increasing of the spectator-to-stage distance. —Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

People Without Programs

THE interval between the beginning of summer replacements and TV's coverage of the conventions is used by many people for a holiday—including a holiday from television. In some mountain resorts and some by the sea reception is spotty, parents who can get away from the city with their children leave the TV set behind, and one thoughtful mother I know has been trying to rent a set for the weekend only (to act as a buffer at parties).

Without exception all the parents I know say that their children rapidly become reconciled to the absence of entertainment upon which in winter they lavish several hours a day. This is said with relief and with a certain pride.

On the face of it this would indicate that TV, like most of things we consider necessities of life, is expendable. Perhaps the owners of bowling alleys and the manufacturers of pingpong sets can still stem the tide or mah jongg will have a new lease on life. These will not keep the young from their devotions at the new altar of entertainment, but will perhaps provide a standard of grown-up activity.

To me the most interesting element in this annual separation from the TV set is the attitude of the adults quite apart from their feelings about the children. The people I know are of the middle- (or lower-middle-) income group, many of them in the professions, virtually all with good educational backgrounds. Obviously this is not a cross-section of the audience. It excludes the wealthier groups which deprive themselves of television entirely by going abroad and those of less varied interests who certainly, actively miss their programs. Yet this group is representative, I think, of that fairly large number of Americans who use television and find it not entirely satisfactory, plus the smaller group which snobbishly refuses to find any good in it at all—and protects itself by never being caught watching it.

This genuinely hostile group is as unimportant philosophically as it is statistically insignificant. The unsatisfied are another matter. They know that the bulk of TV programs is not directed to them and if pushed they concede that the proportion of programs they like is relatively high in this sense: if they constitute, as they feel they do, 1 per cent of the population they are satisfied with far more than 1 per cent of the major programs (the "good listening hours" of the night). Yet they don't fundamentally like television. And it will not do for the managers of the business to retort that the same people didn't like vaudeville until after it was dead or jazz until it got to festivals in Newport. Television is different, and the fact that it operates within channels belonging to the people under rules laid down by the people (represented by the FCC) is only the overt factor in this difference.

The un-liking, which is different from dislike, is a tribute to the special quality and power of television. It recognizes the centrality of this new medium and its integration into every hour and every activity of our daily lives. People become absorbed in it, devote their best hours to it, and are certainly not bored. But when it is over they feel slightly cheated—like laughing at a joke and a moment later feeling it wasn't the best joke at all.

A GOOD half of the more intelligent programs appear to create this feeling intentionally. The original plays which let the theme dribble away, out of timidity or lack of carrying power, let us down while they are letting their hero down. The quick shortcut and the fudging—the smear of sentimentality over a character and the hoked presentation of ideas—contribute to this sense of disappointment. In the end critical people are likely to turn to the smartly-paced, utterly unimportant, but honestly conceived parlor games which aren't meant for them at all, but which follow through on their premises.

We critical people tend to hold the popular arts to the standards of satisfaction we ourselves get from the few plays, the few novels, we carefully select. We see a vast enterprise devoted to diversion and although we know that we do not need diversion in the same degree as the uncritical we are slighted. Our case against the mass media is weakest when we imply that they ought to serve us more copiously. It is only strong when we can properly say that they do not serve their own audiences as well as they might, that they are sometimes shabby and all too often innocuous. It is in our capacity as intelligent citizens, not affronted individuals, we have the right—and here our duty is also plain—to object. —Gilbert Seldes.

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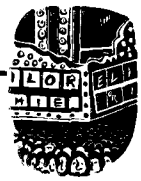

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Inexpensive Look

DUE to arrive in the near future are several movies budgeted in excess of five million dollars. If such as "War and Peace," "Giant," and "The Ten Commandments" (for which batteries of trumpets are already sounding) attract the expected mass invasion of customers into the cinemas of the world we may as well face the fact bravely that movies will be a good deal longer, as well as bigger and better. It should be noted, however, that movies are still appearing in which black-and-white photography is substituted for color, for which the screen is reduced to its pre-CinemaScope size, which use one track instead of multi-channel sound, and which manage to tell their stories in ninety minutes or less. Old-fashioned movies they are indeed, but now and then made with genuine enthusiasm, a feeling for craft—and while one has a faint feeling of nostalgia when watching them there are still pleasure and satisfaction to be gained from them, sort of like riding in a nicely kept up Hupmobile.

The black-and-white-sound-movie is, after all, only a little more than a quarter century old; as a form it's obviously still worth exploring. This is a position that is evidently firmly taken by a producer-director pair, Stanley Kubrick and James B. Harris, who have made a movie called **"The Killing"** for something under $500,000 or, to use another comparison, for one-fortieth the cost of Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." Mr. Kubrick, if you don't mind still another comparison, is twenty-seven or approximately one third the age of Mr. DeMille (who is seventy-five), a fact which redounds to the credit of both men.

At any rate, "The Killing," a fast-moving, tense, crime story, has been made with art and skill. It tells the story of a two-million-dollar race-track theft, of a crime planned in meticulous detail and precisely executed, and while it is all melodrama it nevertheless manages to provide, now and then, an astonishing air of reality.

I'm never exactly sure where acting leaves off and direction begins, but I was most impressed by Elisha Cook, Vince Edwards, Jay C. Flippen, and Sterling Hayden as the quartet of thieves, and by Marie Windsor and Coleen Gray as their ladies. Perhaps the writing had something to do with it, too, for the dialogue is often pointed and refreshing.

The movie bears a good many similarities to the much-praised "Rififi," another story of a carefully planned crime, and one in which the same pattern of wholesale retribution occurs. But "The Killing" sticks to its business all the way through, while "Rififi" takes time out for some curious Spillane-type nonsense. The American crime movie, if anyone is concerned about its being taken over by the French, seems still alive and kicking. "The Killing" and the team of Kubrick and Harris have proved that.

Movies like "The Killing" and like "Rebel in Town," another low-budget, black-and-white, under-ninety-minute-movie, are being made in something approaching quantity under the friendly (but very businesslike) financial roof of United Artists, a firm that relieves teams of independents from all considerations—financing, advertising, and distributing—except that of making their movies.

At the very worst they're likely to come out as "programmers," movies fated for the bottom half of a double-feature bill. Since budgets are kept small losses (in the case of duds) are kept small, too. But should a movie of superior quality emerge from this system the demand will usually be there for it, as it was for "Marty," and as I suspect it will be for "The Killing."

* * *

"Rebel in Town," which might be classed as a thoughtful Western, might have a better-than-average fate, too, for it is a distinctly better-than-average movie of its type, with remarkably little gun-play and a good deal of emphasis on characterization and motives. The scene is post-Civil War Arizona, and the problems are created by itinerant bands of Confederate soldiers roaming the territory and causing mischief. As one of these J. Carrol Naish runs away with acting honors, and John Payne manages to get out of his casting rut as a retired Union major.

The direction by Alfred Werker is clear and concise, and if the story bears signs of influence by "The Ox-Bow Incident" and "High Noon" these aren't bad influences, after all.

HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Oh, Say, Can You See?

I HAVE always contended that the best way to understand a city is to take a sightseeing tour of it, and since I have been nothing if not perplexed by the tribal customs of Los Angeles, a metropolis I have come to think of as Miltown-by-the-Sea, I decided while on the West Coast recently to give myself over to the Tanner sightseeing people for a mobile afternoon on the town.

We had a fine day for it—the weather report calling for nothing more serious than "light eye irritation in the central and western areas" and "somewhat cooler." Although the papers were carrying reports that the local garment industry was being ruined because needleworkers were unable to see their stitches the Tanner officials insisted that we would be able to discern the homes of the famous movie stars without difficulty, and of course they are veterans at this pursuit.

Tours customarily commence at a cafeteria called Clifton's, where one can get a twenty-nine-cent breakfast, a fifty-nine-cent lunch, and a sixty-nine-cent dinner or, as the management so succinctly puts it, "A Tra-ful For a Tri-ful." One can, as a matter of actual fact, get a trayful for nothing merely by notifying the cashier on the way out that things were not quite up to snuff. I must say that even in pursuance of legitimate research I could not summon the courage to put the bite on Clifton's. However, I have been informed by pioneering friends that cafeteria authorities are inclined to be sticky with those who thus seek to implement this generous company policy.

It would of course require a highly developed sense of ingratitude, for Clifton's not only offers a tra-ful for a tri-ful but "beautiful organ music daily," a waiting room, a message service, a waterfall, giant lilies and palms outlined in glorious neon, and a small weekly newspaper called *Food for Thot*, filled with poems by Eugene Field, quotations from William Penn, and short articles which, for instance, may outline the decibels that are registered by everything from a drop hammer to a quiet whisper.

Clifton's also has a corridor lined with purple-tinted mirrors, color photo murals of Hawaii, and stippled stalactites overhead. One can, by descending a staircase, enter the rock-encased Garden, "A Place of Reverence for Meditation and Inspiration—No Smoking or Loud Talking, PLEASE."

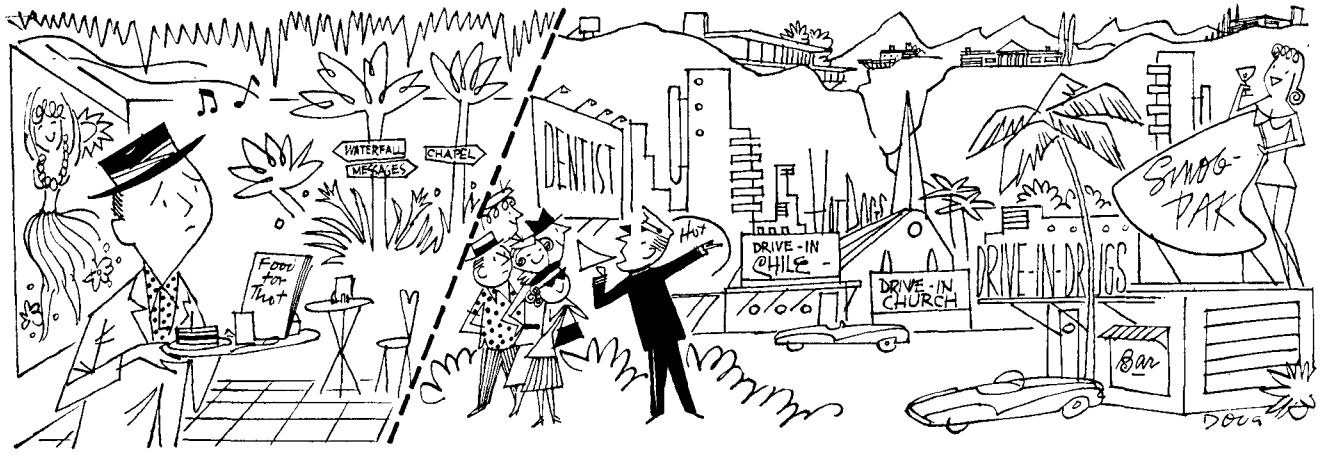
There in an atmosphere virtually defunct of decibels we were met by a costumed lady who said she was dressed like a woman of Galilee while her assistant masqueraded in the trappings of a noblewoman of Samaria. Around the walls ran a diorama of the Garden of Gethsemane. "The mother-of-pearl decorations were made in Bethlehem," the ladies said, "the polished olive wood by Christian Arabs."

Upstairs a sheet of photos of the movie stars was selling for twenty-six cents, and the bus was ready to leave. We rolled through the crowded streets, and the light eye irritation was not enough to keep one from reading neon signs offering trial gall-bladder treatments for $3. The guide pointed out Good Samaritan Hospital, where Jean Harlow died, the Bryson Apartments, owned by a real-estate operator known as Fred MacMurray, and The Talmadge, an apartment house given to Norma Talmadge by her first husband. We also passed The Brown Derby, owned by Gloria Swanson's daughter, a drive-in church, a drive-in shoe-repair shop, and the Wiltshire Methodist Church, where Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were married.

Brimming with a sense of history we invaded the village of Beverly Hills, an enclave of some six-and-a-half miles entirely surrounded by Los Angeles. If you are prepared to believe the Tanner people it was once known as the Ranch of the Running Water and used to produce a hefty crop of lima beans. In 1918 lots were selling out here for $300 to $400. Well, sir, we rolled on, past the Music Hall Theatre, where Liberace broadcasts, across the golf course where M-G-M only knows what stars play, and paused briefly at the Westwood Community Church, where Shirley Temple and her ex-husband, John Agar, were married.

WE CAME at last to the Pacific Ocean, known, the Tanner man said, as "the largest lake in Southern California." We had a good look at Joel McCrea's house while having a Good Humor across the street, and we were at the time—though we scarcely knew it then—only a block or so down the road from the residence of Anna May Wong. Resting thus, we were able to glance upward to the home of Charles Laughton, high on a Pacific bluff, and to contemplate his view down the Santa Monica Canyon to the Pacific itself and to Sam's Rite Spot Hot Dogs, Spiros Dhassapogannis, prop. (Sam for short.)

I could not, I must say, have been more pleasantly impressed with Will Rogers's home, which California has turned into a state park. It is a gentle tract with broad lawns and a rambling, informal house that could hardly better suit the Will Rogers personality. Inside are his boots and saddle and cow-hat, all by the so-called Ziegfeld window which Florenz Zieg-



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feld gave to Rogers. The old quips and bromides look down from the walls:

• We are all ignorant but not about the same things.
• What America needs is fewer speedometers and more alarm clocks.
• I never met a man I didn't like.

There is a book whose pages are blank entitled "What I Know About the Gold Standard, by Will Rogers." And there is the hitching post where he tied his horse and the stairs that lead to the study where he wrote his daily newspaper column. In the study, too, is a globe with the route of his last trip across Canada to Alaska, which ended in a fatal crash on August 15, 1935.

As for the rest of the stars' homes, it was—My! My!—just touch and go, especially as we cruised through Brentwood. We passed the former home of Shirley Temple and the former home of Zasu Pitts, which is also noteworthy since Shirley Temple met John Agar there, and he, as I think I explained, is her former husband. Somewhere along in here was the house of Tyrone Power, the house of Joan Crawford, and across the street from it, if I have all this right, is the residence of Frank Fay, former husband of Barbara Stanwyck. Well, then, there was the former home of Fred MacMurray and the new home of Fred MacMurray and the former Nelson Eddy place and the uncompleted home of Marilyn Monroe, which will undoubtedly soon be her former home. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, I have it on good authority from this Tanner man, live next door to Jack Benny, and Eddie Cantor's house is called the home for girls. Also, I might add, Oscar Levant's place has, or at least it had when I was there, what the sightseeing guides are describing as a "broken-down banana plant" on the front lawn.

Stars without homes stay in hotels, the newest one being the Beverly Hilton, a huge ladder of balconies on top of which is a glittering saloon known as the Star on the Roof. Alongside that is the Escoffier Room, where in the first days there was no price list—you just ordered and the shock came later. Now the gold-hued, wax-sealed, purple-ribboned menu does list prices, and you will be glad to know that caviar is a sensible eight bucks. Turkish coffee $2.50, and scrambled eggs $3.50. It's all on the expense account, Sam.

The older hotels are still going strong. I have particularly in mind the Garden of Allah, which, if my informants are right, was not named after *that* Allah but after Allah Nazimova, who lived there in the early days. At any rate, the man at the desk assured me that Burl Ives and Errol Flynn stay there all the time, and since so many players sit around the pool waiting for studio calls the hotel switchboard maintains a direct line to Central Casting.

Just everybody goes to Gugie's for a late bite, parking their Thunderbirds in a backyard quadrangle facing an apartment house which has this lettered legend on its walls: "HUSH PLEASE! Quiet. People Are Asleep in this Apartment Building." A few doors away Schwab's, where all the stars go to buy their Miltown, their Equinol, and other tranquilizers, and where Sidney Skolsky not only gets his mail but eats his lunch, was about to open a new pillery. Things are so handy out in Miltown-by-the-Sea that Schwab's sells bourbon along with the bicarbonate, not to mention Vicks with the vodka. Drug-stores, I am happy to inform all intranquil persons, no longer maintain a preferred list for tranquilizers, which were only recently in very short supply. And anybody can get a bottle of Smog Pak for inflamed eyes without a prescription. —HORACE SUTTON.

Lore

By William Stafford

DOGS that eat fish edging tidewater die—
some kind of germ, or too much vitamin.
Indian dogs ate copper for a cure;
a penny will save a spaniel that ate salmon.

On the shore beachcombers find a float
of glass the Japanese used on a net
that broke away deep over the side of the world
and slid blue here on the beach as a gift.

Pieces of driftwood turn into time
and wedge among rocks the breakers pound.
Finding such wrought-work you wonder if the tide
brings in something else when the sun goes down.

The Mail I've Seen

Continued from page 16

Champion Lady Wrestler," and it went as follows:

Dear Mr. Steinbeck:

After reading some of your books, I believe you are the proper person for me to contact.

I want to write a story based on my life and the 20 years I have spent in my profession. Not a story to particularly put myself over but one that pulls no punches on the inside of girl wrestling.

I have had many writers approach me for a story but I always had to protect my profession and beside's no one can write what you have lived for 20 years but yourself.

My story would carry tremendous impact and if properly written will make a terrific picture.

At first I just wanted to write it myself and then have it rewritten properly as I would not have the ability on the finer points . . .

But I am in very serious financial trouble's and must have $5,000.00 to pay debt's immediately and money to exist on while writing. I have been offered up to $1,000.00 for short scandle stories and have turned it down as that would take the edge off my book.

If you are able to invest $5,000.00 which I know is small money to what could be made from the book, the first $5,000.00 made could go to you and after that we could split 50-50.

If you want you can have full credit for the book under your name, as I am only trying to keep myself out of trouble. Of course my career will be finished after this book is published, I mean my wrestling career, that is why I must be sure I get something out of it, also I must have the money soon as my situation is critical.

Of course I would talk it over with you first so you could see I really have something to write about, something that would probably shock you.

Please let me hear from you by return mail, because if you are not interested I must try to find some-one who is and who has the ability to do it right. Everyone can not write this type of story and I am sure you will do it justice.

Hoping to hear from you by return mail.

You know I like the direct approach of this broad. She lays it on the line, and in my mind I have already cast the picture. I know some lady wrestlers in Hollywood—amateurs. I am pleased she thinks I have the ability to do her story justice but I am afraid that again I must decline.

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The Literary Sampler

RETURN TO THE ARCTIC: What does a person wear for a mid-winter journey in the Arctic? First, there must be something which will insulate the body and keep the heat in. Second, something, either leather or closely woven cloth, which will keep the wind out. Third, everything must be fitting loosely, especially footwear, so as not to impede the circulation of the blood. Most important, a person must be sure not to wear so much that he perspires, because it is disastrous to get wet. Most people who froze to death in this north country first got wet, either by breaking through overflows or by sweating. Wetness means ice in short order, and no matter how much clothing one has on, it is impossible to warm up with a coat of ice against the body. . . .

On my way back to Alaska in August 1938 newspaper reporters from Ketchikan to Fairbanks asked me whether I was not afraid of being lynched when I returned to the people of my book "Arctic Village." There were no unpleasant remarks . . . in spite of the described "improprieties" in terms of Outside custom. One of the settlers, seventy-eight-year-old Verne Watts, admitted he was sore when he was quoted in his description of one girl as "so thin that a couple of macaroni sticks would make a pair of drawers for her." Another, strong-tempered Jack White, on the other hand, was delighted to find his profanity quoted and the description of his tearing off the roof of his house to evict a tenant. George Eaton, now seventy-seven, said seriously to me: "Of course, Bob, when I was saying how I'd slept with more women than any man in Alaska, I didn't expect you to put it in a book, but I'm a-telling you, it's true." Annie Kayak, a pretty young woman with two small children who came from the arctic tundra to Wiseman with her husband, Itachluk, in 1930, and whose rupture with him I had described in detail, invited me for an immense bowl of what she remembered was my favorite fruit, blueberries, and told me how much she liked the book and her eighteen-dollar share of the royalties. There were many pleasantries. One Eskimo girl, meeting me on the street one morning, laughingly quoted from the book: "If you meet an Eskimo girl in the morning she may look a little bit frowsy, but in the evening her attire, simple though it is, will be immaculate." Such a reception to a prodigal son would only be possible with remarkably honest people who do not pretend to be what they are not and therefore do not resent the truth about themselves.

—From "Arctic Wilderness" by Robert Marshall (University of California Press).

THE D.A.R. GOES TO THE SOUTHWEST: The story of the D.A.R. in New Mexico illustrates the difficulties of founding such an organization. While riding in a steam launch on Lake Michigan during the 1893 World's Fair, the president-general, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, persuaded Mrs. Bradford Prince, wife of the territorial governor, to become organizing regent. But Mrs. Prince found little response to the application blanks she distributed. Many women paid no attention to them at all, "some of the women were annoyed, others plainly said that they did not even know their grandmothers' names, others liked the idea but thought it meant the beginning of an aristocratic set, and frankly said that the Society could never be started here." For several years Mrs. Prince had no success. She finally found one woman who agreed to take some application blanks, to whose husband she tried to hand them on the street one day. Pushing them away so emphatically that he backed off the sidewalk, he declared with honest Western vigor, "Madam, we want nothing of that kind." Mrs. Prince, however, rallied with, "Well, take them home to your wife . . . a woman who can claim descent from the Randolphs of Virginia, and from Benjamin Harrison, the Signer, *ought* to belong to this Society." For some reason this retort silenced him, and she won her first recruit, Mrs. Frances Cross.

—From "Patriotism on Parade" by Wallace Evan Davies (Harvard University Press).

MEN OF THE SAHARA: Suspended in the middle of infinity as these desert people are, they have learned to rely as much on their indomitable spirit as on the sparse gifts of the soil. They are awed by the immensity of their world and along with extremes of stoicism, cruelty, and kindness, it has bred in them a singular nobility. They never think of this world as belonging to them; they are travelers on a difficult journey who eventually hope to reach the promised land, a luxurious garden on the banks of the river Tasnim, the paradise of the Koran.

—From "Azalai" by John Skolle (Harper).

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column 2 should read: 5, 11, 13, 6, 8, 17, 12, 4, 18, 14, 15, 10, 16, 2, 20, 7, 9, 19, 1, 3. Column 3 should read: 11, 7, 19, 8, 20, 9, 18, 14, 10, 15, 1, 12, 16, 2, 13, 17, 3, 4, 5, 6.

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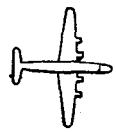

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3. **Black-and-white photographs**
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.
   e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**
   a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).
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5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 12th, 1956, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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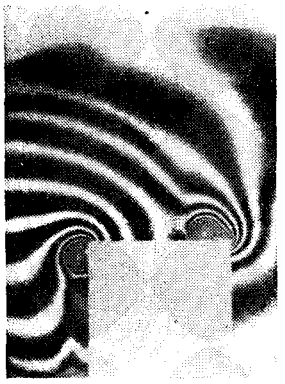

SR/Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—V The Research Frontier • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLES: Dr. Gordon's Serious Thinkers • Let's Stop Hoarding Our Talent

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *ON ILEITIS*
- *THE SHOCKEROO*
- *MORE ABOUT THE WEATHER*

WHEN the late Franklin Roosevelt was first elected to the Presidency he was known to be a victim of infantile paralysis. Helpless from the waist down, he literally pulled himself to his feet and by enormous willpower moved himself about, even driving an automobile. His birthday became a time for giving, and the money that flowed in tribute to his gallantry paid for a revolution in treatment and prevention of polio.

If President Dwight D. Eisenhower is renominated by the Republicans this month and is then returned to the White House in November he, too, may feel impelled to advance the cause of science. In that event he could make a major contribution by sponsoring research into the cause and cure of ileitis.

Thousands of words have been written about this ailment of the small bowel which struck Ike down so soon after his heart attack. It has been argued that his doctors were unscientific propagandists for his renomination and, on the contrary, that his life expectancy was lengthened by an operation to end an affliction that had dogged him (the country unwitting) for many years. But for some elusive reason the truly fascinating, fundamental research aspect of ileitis has not been reported except in the technical columns of the *New England Medical Journal*.

Ileitis was practically unknown before 1932. Even autopsies made before that year, restudied with the knowledge that such an ailment could have existed, uncover no history beyond the scope of a footnote. In 1932 Dr. B. B. Crohn in an *American Medical Association Journal* report, signed jointly by Drs. L. Ginzburg and G. D. Oppenheimer, described and identified the disease for the first time in the medical literature. Since then the number of cases has risen steadily while real understanding of them has stood virtually still.

What caused the sudden eruption of these inflammatory ulcers in 1932? Emotional tensions built up by the prolongation of the Depression? Talc from some of the then new toothpastes? A silent spread of bacillary dysentery? All three have been suggested, none has been confirmed.

Appropriate treatment of ileitis is just about as difficult to define as the causes of ileitis. According to the forementioned study in the *New England Medical Journal*, written by Dr. Louis Zetzel, chief of the Gastrointestinal Clinic at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, shortly before Ike's publicly unexpected attack, operations are a last resort and no guarantee against recurrence. Because of the meticulous and continuous care a President of the United States receives from his physicians Ike himself is likely to prove the most revealing patient in this particular chapter of medical history. He needs to do no more than smile and nod his head in order to launch an intensive investigation into one of the strangest yet most neglected scientific puzzles of the day.

• • •

THE photograph at the top of our column this month does not depict the eyes of some catlike monster peering over an empty rectangle borrowed from a nightmare. It is a picture of a shock wave hitting a metal block with such speed as might be generated in the air by an A-bomb. The collision of the shock wave and the block occurred in a huge steel test tube in Gary, Indiana, a laboratory instrument of the Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology. By studying the effects of the shock waves in this manner Armour scientists cut down the number of A-bombs that must be exploded to obtain data essential to human safety.

• • •

NATURE, the great British organ of scientific enlightenment, is a most conservative journal. It printed the first report on atomic fission in 1939 as a letter to the editor, in a column for whose contents the editors explicitly disclaim responsibility. So it is of more than ordinary significance that *Nature* opened not its letters page but its thoroughly respectable news columns to a weather item written in the same frankly speculative spirit that governed the article by Dr. Irving Bengelsdorf in *SR*/RESEARCH for July. "An Unorthodox View of the Weather," the heading said, and the text was written by an Australian, Dr. E. G. Bowen, Division of Radiophysics, Commonwealth Science and Industrial Research Organization.

Dr. Bowen didn't concern himself—as Dr. Bengelsdorf had—with the unusual turns the weather has taken in the decade since the first A-bomb explosion in 1945. Dr. Bowen was just interested in trying to predict accurately when it would rain.

The low-pressure masses of air which weathermen chart on their

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maps in tracking storms are not directly translatable into rain forecasts, the Australian scientist pointed out. Individual forecasters must make individual guesses as to what a "low" means at a given time and place—as he put it, "a matter of intuition" or "an empirical process which draws on past experience." Consequently rain forecasts are very often wrong.

"IT HAS been known for some time that . . . a measurement which has a direct physical connection with the formation of rain . . . is possible," Dr. Bowen continued, "but its importance has not been fully appreciated. In the study of cloud physics it is well established that the number and properties of the freezing nuclei present in the atmosphere determine whether rain will form in a supercooled cloud. Freezing nuclei . . . may be defined as particles on which ice crystals can grow from the vapor phase, or else materials which in solution in a water droplet or in contact with it will induce it to freeze."

Whereas barometric pressure in a "low" air mass rises and falls only slightly between one state of weather and another, "changes of several hundred to one are possible" in the number of freezing nuclei "from one day to the next." Having made that point Dr. Bowen asked: "Could a sudden and unobserved increase in freezing nuclei lead to the development of rain which did not appear likely from the synoptic chart [weather map]?"

He began his search for an answer by studying the rainfall at 300 different points around the earth—in Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Japan, the United States, Europe, and South Africa. There were ten noticeable peaks in the winter months: on November 8, 18, and 26; December 5, 14, and 29; January 1, 12, and 22; February 1. Since the heavy rains fell at roughly the same times the world over, whatever influence was operating must be extraterrestrial. What could it be?

"The earth in its orbit is known to pass through streams of dust which exist in vast elliptical orbits around the sun," Dr. Bowen wrote. "The dust includes a wide range of particle sizes. The large ones burn up on entering the atmosphere and appear as visible meteors; the smaller particles do not have enough energy to be consumed and fall slowly into the lower atmosphere" as meteorites.

When did these showers occur?

The Giacobinids came on October 9, the Orionids from October 20 to 23, the Taurids from November 3 to 10, the Leonids on November 16, the Bielids I from November 15 to 27, the Bielids II on December 2, the Geminids on December 13, the Urids on December 22, and the Quadrantids on January 3.

Matching the dates of these meteorite showers with the dates of the rainfall peaks Dr. Brown found that nine of the ten worldwide rains fell anywhere from twenty-eight to thirty-one days after the meteorites appeared. This period corresponded to another cycle determined by earlier researchers, who found that meteorites take somewhere between thirty and forty days to fall through earth's atmosphere.

What about the tenth rainfall peak —the one that came on November 26?

On further examination Dr. Bowen discovered in the scientific literature reports of "previously unsuspected meteor activity in the southern hemisphere . . . approximately a month before this date." He concluded with this query:

"Why should meteoric dust be so active as a nucleating agent [for rain]?"

After reading these observations by Dr. Bowen in *Nature* we telephoned Dr. Alfred Blackadar at the Meteorology and Oceanography Department of Columbia University, and asked him whether falling meteorites carry with them electrical charges. He said he didn't know about that—he wasn't sure anybody knew—but that it was well established that meteorites as they fall strew the air with tiny electrical particles called ions.

Now, as Dr. Bengelsdorf reminded us in his SR/RESEARCH article last month, ions are known to leave trails of droplets in their wake when passing through supersaturated water vapor. Could the ions generated by the meteorites possibly be the answer to Dr. Bowen's question?

As a radiophysicist the Australian almost certainly would have entertained the notion. He does not mention it in his article, however, one way or another. He simply puts the question, says it is "yet . . . without answer"; nevertheless, he insists "there is already enough evidence about the reality of the effect [of meteorite nucleation of rain, however achieved] to call for a thorough investigation of the physics of the phenomenon and a careful assessment of its impact on the day-to-day problems of meteorology."

This position is essentially the same position that Dr. Bengelsdorf took in advancing his speculation about the possible relationship between bomb-generated ions and rainfall.

We suggest that the research be carried out in full public view, instead of in secret as most weather studies are conducted now.

—JOHN LEAR.
Science Editor.

—*Wide World.*

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—V

Remembering a Prophet of Atom Peace

PROFESSOR JAMES FRANCK, Nobel Laureate in physics, has long since retired to the seclusion of his laboratory at the University of Chicago. Undismayed by three serious heart attacks, he continues his lifelong probing into the mysteries of molecules—especially the mechanism of photosynthesis, the process by which green plants feed and grow from water and carbon dioxide in the presence of light. His place as a pioneer in the science of the atom is firmly fixed in the textbooks, but it may be that future generations will know him best as the instigator of The Franck Report.

During this anniversary month of the first atomic bomb explosion The Franck Report must surely deserve a place in memory. For if the cry it raised had been heard by the people in time the major course of events on earth in these last eleven years might have been quite different.

The crucial date was not August 5, 1945—the day the bomb burst over Hiroshima—but the eleventh day of the previous June. Nobel Laureate Arthur H. Compton, head of the Chicago Laboratories of the Manhattan District of Army Engineers, the organization that developed the first atomic bomb, was leaving Chicago for Washington. Professor Franck was begging "A. H." to take good care of

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a certain document: a report to the Secretary of War (then Henry L. Stimson) from a Committee on Social and Political Implications of Atomic Energy. The report was stamped "Secret." Franck was not worried that "A. H." might let it fall into unauthorized hands, but that he might not succeed in getting it into the hands of those for whom it was intended: the Government leaders who were about to decide on the use of the bomb.

For a whole year prior to that tense moment leading Chicago scientists had attempted in vain to communicate to the President and his advisors the deep misgivings that they felt as the success of the project they had themselves originated drew near. The impenetrable curtains of secrecy separating them from the people obstructed also all paths of communication with Washington. Now, at last, an official channel seemed to have opened.

The Secretary of War had appointed a committee to look into the future of atomic energy. This committee had turned to the scientists for suggestions, and the head of the Chicago laboratory had ruled that suggestions concerning social and political implications of atomic energy were in order as well as suggestions pertaining to technical and economic and administrative problems. A group of scientists—three physicists (Hughes, Stearns, Szilard), two chemists (Rabinovitch, Seaborg), and one biologist (Nixon)—with Franck as chairman were appointed to consider the matter. And it was their conclusions that Compton was now carrying to the Pentagon.

Franck was, and still is, a great master of handling atoms and molecules. His unique imagination permits him to think of these infinitesimal particles as concrete physical bodies, to visualize their atomic events without much mathematics and to devise clear-cut experiments illustrating atomic and molecular properties. At the time he delivered the report to Compton, Franck had behind him thirty years of a distinguished career. Just before World War I he and Gustav Hertz had first demonstrated the correctness of the quantum theory: the great creation of Niels Bohr. Then the war marched into his laboratory, and off he went as a soldier of Kaiser Wilhelm. He returned home with an Iron Cross and a rheumatic affliction acquired in the trenches of Flanders. After 1919 his laboratory in Germany became a mecca to which scientists from Europe and America streamed to work under his direction. In 1925 he was awarded the Nobel Prize.

Always a man of peace, hating brutality and coercion in all its forms, Franck nevertheless followed the tradition of most German scientists, satisfied to live in and for his science, paying scant attention to what was going on in the world outside. The assumption of power by Adolf Hitler destroyed this quiet life. Franck was one of the few German scientists of that day who had the courage of his convictions and he resigned his professorship in protest against the Nazi racial laws (as a decorated war veteran he, though a Jew, was not at first subject to their discrimination). His standing at that time can be judged by the fact that thirty-three of his scientific colleagues accused him in a letter to the local newspaper of sabotaging the Government by his resignation.

IN 1935 Franck went to the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore to carry on his research. Later he moved to the University of Chicago. When the atomic bomb laboratories were organized he was called to lead a team of scientific stars, each with his own ideas, idiosyncrasies, and temperamental difficulties, but all respecting Franck's quiet impartiality and the clarity of his judgment.

The experience of two world wars, of the totalitarian dictatorship in his homeland, and finally of the secret development of a weapon which promised to make a future war immensely more destructive than those he had known, transformed the ivory-tower scientist into a man intensely concerned with the fate of mankind. Without losing his quiet humility or his aversion to any public role Franck became the initiator of a drive to warn the American leaders of the implications of the new weapon which science was about to deliver into their hands. Other men, in particular Leo Szilard, the prime initiator of the atomic bomb itself, had a more penetrating imagination and greater self-assurance in explaining the considerations of the new discovery. But the moderation, maturity, and modesty of Franck made him the most impressive speaker on behalf of public-minded scientists.

He and his fellow committeemen signed their report while Allied victory shone bright on the horizon. "All of us familiar with the present state of nucleonics," they said, "live with the vision before our eyes of sudden destruction visited on our own country, of a Pearl Harbor disaster . . . repeated in every one of our major cities." They warned that "if no efficient international agreement (on controlled prohibition of atomic weapons) were reached the race of nuclear armaments will be on, the morning after our first demonstration. . . . After this it may take other nations three or four years to overcome our present head start."

The American Government took instead the advice of politicians and military men who said that the Soviet Union would need eight if not twenty years to develop A-bombs!

America was more vulnerable to atomic bombs than was Russia because of the greater concentration of the American population in cities, the Franck report pointed out. It noted the futility of "keeping ahead in the arms race" because sooner or later both sides would have enough destructive capacity to knock each other out. It hinted at future development of bombs enormously more powerful than those used in Japan, not daring to be more specific about the H-bomb, even in a secret report.

In discussing what to do with the atomic bomb the scientists offered a specific suggestion for initiation of a policy which could lead to controlled elimination of atomic weapons:

"A demonstration of the new weapon might be made before the eyes of representatives of all the United Nations, in the desert or on a barren island. The best possible atmosphere for the achievement of an international agreement could be created if America could say to the world: You see what weapon we had but did not use! We are ready to renounce its use in the future if other nations join us [in renunciation]."

HISTORY does not permit nations to retrace their steps and try another approach. It will remain forever unknown whether a renunciation of the atomic bombing of Japan in favor of a peaceful demonstration of the bomb's awful power would have been effective enough to end the war. There is no doubt, however, that the Franck report's predictions of the military and political dangers of unleashing the atomic weapon were correct.

Yet in that summer of 1945 "realistic" politicians dismissed the report's findings as the imaginings of fear-obsessed visionaries with guilty consciences. There was hardly a ripple on the stream of events which inexorably ran to the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and thence to the present predicament of mankind, accentuated by earth-shaking radioactivity-spewing super-bomb tests in the Pacific, in Siberia, in the Australian desert. All this is worth remembering now, as we read and ponder the reports of another group of scientists—these men responsible to the National Academy of Scientists—on the biological effects of atomic radiation on the peoples of the earth.

—DR. EUGENE RABINOWITCH, Editor,
Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

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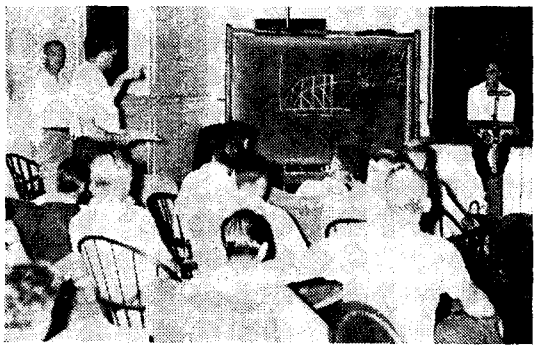
DOCTOR GORDON'S SERIOUS THINKERS



A shirtsleeved, tieless "formal" Gordon session.

The late Dr. Neil E. Gordon was a farsighted chemistry professor at Johns Hopkins University. In 1931 he recognized that science was getting too big, too hurried, too cooped up properly to encourage speculative thought. He banded together the best minds he knew and took them off to a secluded island in the Chesapeake Bay for a week-long talkfest. Through the twenty-five summers since the Gordon Research Conferences have continued in utter retreat, unknown to the lay public. This year SR's *Science Editor was invited to attend—first popular magazine editor to be so honored. Here is the story as it was told to him*

By DR. W. GEORGE PARKS

NEW LONDON, N. H.

NATURE is a vast, diversified farm and factory. Its growth and manufacturing processes have fascinated man for thousands of years, and he has tried repeatedly to mimic what he has observed. Sometimes he has succeeded to a degree that has astonished himself. But always his imitations have been slow, painful, and expensive. What Nature has accomplished easily, even prodigally, in ordinary air with the warmth of the sun and the cool of the rain, man has been able to duplicate only by raising the temperature and exerting great pressures within strong vessels of iron and steel.

The rubber tree, for example, makes rubber under conditions quite comfortable to man. The human body itself distils amazing concoctions of exotic chemicals without invoking the smallest trace of fever.

This effortless performance, this freedom of working circumstances, man could not achieve—until now. Now at last he is beginning to learn how to copy such everyday natural wonders as making fibre in the same simple way that Nature grows a hair from his head.

Most people are not yet aware that there is a new world to be discerned out on the far frontier of science. But research pioneers in the world's institutions of learning and the far-flung empires of industry are probing and peering into the misty fringes of a wholly new and probably more fantastic era of discovery than any other that man has known. The shape of that era is already visible on the horizon that stretches out before the Gordon Research Conferences.

Physically this horizon is the identical one that most summer tourists in New Hampshire look out upon and call the foothills of the White Mountains. Only those particular tourists who hold invitations to the Gordon Conferences can hope to glimpse the broader intellectual view. For only they are on the kind of holiday and in company meticulously screened to tune and prod the keen, trained mind to play among the mountain crags of knowledge.

Nobel Prize-winners of world renown (Harold Urey, Irving Langmuir, Peter Debye, Glenn Seaborg, Fritz Lipmann, Vincent Du Vigneaud are a few whose names come immediately to mind) meet and mingle here, an unbroken week at a stretch, with bright young apprentices in thirty-six different realms of science during the summer. They go about the three host campuses, spaced thirty-odd miles apart—Colby Junior College, the New Hampton School, Kimball Union Academy—without neckties, in gaudy open-collared short-sleeved shirts, shorts, and sneakers, arguing from dawn to dawn, secure in the Gordon Conference guarantee that they will never be quoted and that anyone they encounter in their perambulations will be a fellow scientist intent on common problems.

The Italian-born father of A-power, the late Enrico Fermi, described his now-famous slow-neutron process of atomic disintegration to a Gordon Research group in 1936, a decade before the A-bomb. Early work on the vitamins was advanced by Gordon Conference discussions a quarter-century ago.

Theories which long past Gordon conferees rightly considered "long-hair science" with no immediate practical uses have since produced the lubricating oils to enable the simplification of gears, the lowering of the chassis, and the acceleration of speed in today's automobile. Improvements in carbon black, which the carbon black makers laughed at when they originally heard the notion at a Gordon Conference, have transformed the auto tire from a 3,500-mile frailty to a puncture-proof reliability that can be made to last 100,000 miles.

One of the tediums of the housewife—ironing—is gradually diminishing thanks to the creative ingenuity Gordon Conference guests employed in helping to assemble the long chains of molecules of hydrogen and carbon known as polymers; for the polymers make the artificial fibers which go into the "miracle cloths" that shed water and practically iron themselves. And now, after having learned how to start and stop the growth of polymers, scientists gathered for the Gordon meetings this year have finally reported discovery of the precise mechanics by which Nature controls that growth at ordinary "room temperature" in the open air. The method is the same one that regulates the growth of hair, grass, and trees. From this it seems inevitable that man will have the cheapest clothing in history, along with plastics of incredible strength, revolutionary types of films and glass, and probably subtle new medicines derived from the enzymes which keep us all alive and growing.

That the contribution of the Gordon Research Conferences has been unique I can attest with modesty. Although the programs list me as Director, I am in reality only a socio-political catalytic agent who holds hundreds

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of individual imaginations together just long enough to get a reaction. I do not choose either the conferees or their speakers. That is done by the chairmen of the thirty-six meetings, each unto himself. The details of registration, room assignments, meals, and bills are handled for me by a staff headed by my colleague in the Chemistry Department at the University of Rhode Island, Dr. Alexander Cruickshank, who could, after ten years at these meetings, call up almost any university on the globe, say "This is Alex," and get whatever information he wanted right there on the phone.

"ANYONE would be honored to be invited to talk to a Gordon Conference on any subject," a British atomic scholar told the meeting where he appeared this summer. Like sentiments have been expressed to us by scientists in England, in Europe, in Africa, in India and Japan, in Australia, and in South America. At no other place than the Gordon Research Meetings are conferees afforded the leisure for camaraderie which exists in these graceful, green hills. From Sunday morning to Friday night there are only nine formal sessions, and each of the nine occupies about two hours. Roughly one hour is staccato with discussion, and the speaker in the first hour can be interrupted at will by any of his listeners. Argument goes on throughout the rest of the week, while the conferees climb mountains, swim and sail the lakes, explore nearby caves, watch for birds in the early mornings, bang sporadically on an old piano and sing songs together in the middle of the night, play in every conceivable fashion from tennis and golf to ping-pong and bridge, from string quartets and square dances to table-stakes poker.

The scientists growl each other awake at breakfast, swap tablemates repeatedly to rotate shop talk at lunch and dinner, lie in wait for famous companions after meetings, and even accompany departing speakers to the airport thirty-forty miles away in order to get in a few more licks during the taxi ride. Occasional ebullience bursts from the Snack Bar after midnight, and a verbal duel may be terminated with a harmless exchange of arrows from the archery range, shot across the length of a dormitory hall; or an out-talked advocate of a particular theory will insist on making himself thunderous by rolling croquet balls down the bare wooden floors outside the bedroom doors of his erstwhile antagonists.

SINCE skepticism and questioning are the heart and soul of science, no temper is ever lost for long. In twenty-five years of Gordon Research Conferences there has never been a tragic note. Even the few overenthusiastic men who lugged heavy handbags up two flights of stairs and were therewith stricken by heart attacks have survived. The worst that has ever happened has been a scientist's request for another room because his roommate had a hideous snore.

It is not at all unusual for a Gordon Research conferee, still stuffed from the lobster smörgåsbord of the previous night, to check out on a Friday afternoon, leave the campus absorbed in parting conversations, and not realize until he gets back home that all his clothes are hanging in the closet of his room. Just last month a man picked up a full-packed suitcase he overlooked in parting three years ago. We even had a fellow call us up on the telephone and ask: "Did anyone find some false teeth?" It seems he had taken the teeth from his mouth to wash them in the bathroom and then had hurried downstairs

—Colby Junior College-Don Sieburg.

Exploring frontiers of knowledge, Gordon research scientists go out for a swim, get into an argument, forget the water.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Orren Jack Turner.

By J. H. Dillon, a Gordon Frontiersman, Director, Textile Research Institute, Princeton, N. J. The textile scientist faces many challenging problems today with an increasing host of synthetic fibers of his own creation and constantly improving natural fibers. His short-term efforts will almost certainly be concentrated on the demands of a rapidly changing set of living and working conditions. Thus he must produce not only improved materials for faster running automobiles and for all manner of new industrial uses, but he must keep pace, or perhaps set the pace, in providing fabrics to clothe humans who will insist on beauty as well as functionality. No longer will a businessman tolerate wrinkles in his suit at the end of a hot day's work; nor will the housewife consent to laborious ironing of dresses and sport shirts.

But in the long run the textile scientist must soberly face the possible evils of an atomic age. He must be ready to furnish fabrics which will protect both the soldier and the civilian against instantaneous high temperatures accompanying a nuclear explosion. This means an intensification of effort to produce resistance to flame and the still more damaging "after-glow." [EDITOR'S NOTE: *"After-glow is the intensely hot, charred state which persists in burned fabric after the quick flash of flame has died."*] At the same time color and texture of fabric may be governed by ability to reflect radiation rather than by visual and tactile attractiveness. Let us hope that these applications of textile research will never need to be made. But already the basic studies are progressing and much can be done if necessity arises.

to his car. He thought about the conference as he drove along. As was his habit in moments of deep reverie he chewed his fingertips. It was then he discovered that his chewers were gone. We found them for him, and he resumed his thinking with his customary accompaniment.

The Gordon Research Conferences have been so secluded that they have gone on for twenty-five years without being known to the lay public or even to many scientists. Strictly an invitation affair, they are rigorously limited in size to assure the utmost communication of advanced ideas. No other meetings are allowed on the host campuses throughout the summer, so that any conferee may talk freely to anyone he meets without fear of violated confidence. All discussion is off the record. Reporters are barred. It is a high compliment to the character of the new RESEARCH SECTION of *The Saturday Review* that John Lear should be the first editor of a popular journal to set foot inside the doors. Even he, in gathering the information from which this is written, has not been allowed to quote specifically what he has heard.

Given this continuing tradition of seclusion why do we want the readers of *The Saturday Review* to know Gordon Research Conferences exist?

Because the shortage of scientific talent, now known to everyone, makes it imperative to enlist the finest available brains in research whose results will be felt over a long future.

As has been said, attendance at the Gordon Research Conferences is by invitation only. But the invitations are issued in response to applications. A sufficiently provocative application can do much more than add an adventuresome mind to the already brilliant Gordon company; it can open widespread inquiry along a neglected line, perhaps into such a significant field as the biochemistry of ageing.

The current shortage of scientists was not foreseen by the late Dr. Neil E. Gordon, the Johns Hopkins University chemistry professor who launched the conferences bearing his name in 1931. This average-tall, sandy-haired, stubborn man did, however, realize far better than many more brilliant and gifted contemporaries that growing specialization was gradually cutting science up into small, isolated bits and that something had to be done to fit those fragments to the increasingly complex problems of human society.

It was the fashion then to be concerned with applied science, with the practical use of past discovery. Dr. Gordon moved in the opposite direction, out to the frontier of the future. His humorless approach had a convincing quality, and he persuaded somewhere between twenty and thirty prominent researchers in academic, government, and private industrial laboratories to meet with him for leisurely informal talks. The stimulation of thought which occurred was so unexpectedly promising that a few years later he extended the length of the talks to a full week. To assure uninterrupted privacy throughout that time he moved the meetings to the lounge of the fashionable exclusive Gibson Island Club in the midst of 1,000 acres of wooded hills rising

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Fabian Bachrach.

By Arthur K. Doolittle, a Gordon Frontiersman, Senior Scientist, Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Company, South Charleston, W. Va. We have a kinetic theory to predict the behavior of gases. We understand the ordered crystal lattice which makes up solids. But in spite of the great technological importance of liquids, and the need for precise physical and thermodynamic data about them, no simple unified molecular picture of liquids exists.

One reason for this lack of progress is that the models so far proposed for calculating the potential energy of a liquid require summing up all of the attractions that each molecule exerts on all of its neighbors. Mathematical difficulties are almost insurmountable because of the great number of integrations involved. Nevertheless, progress toward elucidating the liquid state of matter is almost certain to be made in the near future, because of the following three significant considerations:

1. Industry is supporting research in liquid-state physics with resources exceeding any heretofore available.
2. The recent availability of high-speed electronic computing machines provides a means for greatly reducing the time for performing many mathematical operations.
3. An engineering approach to the calculation suggests great simplification of the mathematics.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

By W. O. Baker, a Gordon Frontiersman, Vice President—Research, Bell Telephone Laboratories, Murrayhill, N. J. Gordon Research Conferences traditionally provide a joining of pure and applied scientific research. In the times ahead research in their scope is likely to treat more and more the *organization* of matter rather than primarily its gross reactions and composition. Already an era of solid state electronics is here because physics, chemistry, and metallurgy of solids have combined to regulate chemical purity and perfection, and really to spread them through crystals. Thus the transistor, solar battery, and diffused rectifier are early examples of atomic organizations wherein the habits of electrons are exploited over distances of thousands of atomic diameters and for times of millions of atom motion periods. This new coupling with Nature far beyond the nearest-neighbor interactions which dominate the older chemistry and physics appears also in the discovery of atom dislocations in metals. Here the organized absence of atoms promises to be as important in the strength of jet engines, missiles, bridges, and telephone wires as alloy fabrication has been. Strengths five or ten times the usual are ahead and are already achieved in tiny metal whiskers wherein atom dislocations have been prevented from moving around to form weak spots. Also, instead of costly cutting or melting in manufacture, atomic and molecular machining based on orderly movements of atom layers and vacancies or interdiffusion of solids will revolutionize forming and joining in aircraft and apple-peelers. And there will surely be Gordon conferences on the polymer molecules called proteins whose organization, perhaps by nucleic acids, is the process called Life.

from the waters of Chespeake Bay, and linked to the mainland only by a guarded causeway.

Formal papers were discouraged from the very beginning. Open, free discussion was the purpose of the meetings, and the subject matter was circumscribed to research in progress, incomplete experiments, new theories not yet boiled down onto paper for publication. Gibson Island became a scientific testing ground, a place where daring young minds could throw offbeat ideas at older heads crammed with experience and skepticism. Only two meetings were held each day, one in mid-morning, one after dinner at night. The rest of the time was spent in sporadic discussion on the golf course, on the tennis courts, in the swimming pool, on the bayshore with fishing pole in hand, or out on the water under sail. The trumpet vines, the mocking birds, the osprey's nests, and the mint juleps were just about as far from the conventional conception of a test tube as can readily be imagined. Yet the island was in constant ferment with original thought. Charles Allen Thomas, now president of the Monsanto Chemical Company, recalls how he as "a struggling young research chemist" was invited to a session and returned to his lab "with renewed vigor . . . to my work."

Quite often a conferee would arrive on the bus, loaded down with golf clubs and tennis rackets and a suitcase, perspiring freely in the humid Maryland heat, and find himself commandeered to substitute for a speaker who was arriving late. On at least one occasion a scientist entered a meeting, sat down in a chair, and was just easing into a relaxed position when the chairman asked him: "What particularly are you waiting to hear?" "The talk on fermentation," he said. "Fine," he was told. "You're giving it." At another time a discussion leader got into a friendly argument across the frosted tops of some mint juleps the night before his contribution was due, became convinced by his companions that his whole thesis was wrong, and dumped his lantern slides into the bay.

Dr. Gordon's rule for dress on Gibson Island was "No jacket, no necktie, shorts if you want to wear them." This shocked the staid members of the Gibson Island Club, even after the Gordon Conferences moved from the club lounge to the boathouse. As long as the conference fees helped tide the club treasury over treasury embarrassments nothing was said. But as times improved the contrast rankled. A climax arrived when one conferee overheard an exchange between two Baltimore aristocrats ensconced on the club verandah, in rocking chairs. "Who are *those people* who have invaded *our* island?" the one lady inquired. "Oh," the other replied with a sniff, "they're Doctor Gordon's serious thinkers."

The seriousness of the thinking has not been lessened since the Gordon Conferences shifted from the muggy Chesapeake to the cool, pond-dotted undulations of New Hampshire in 1947. But the natives of the White Mountain foothills are proud of it. "When," they ask me each spring, "will *the scientists* come this year?"

The date has changed as the years have passed. At first we held ten conferences, each a week long, on

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—*Univ. of Wisconsin.*

By Farrington Daniels, a Gordon Frontiersman, Department of Chemistry, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. The direct utilization of solar energy is a difficult goal to which scientists are beginning to turn their attention. There is abundant energy coming from the sun and it can be used for heating and cooling, for distillation of water, and for operating heat engines. But it can not now be used cheaply enough to compete with electricity and fuel where these are abundant. New materials and new approaches are needed.

The sun's energy may be used as light as well as heat. Photosynthesis by sunlight and green chlorophyll in the living plant is a marvelous process which we are just beginning to understand. The fact that nature uses sunlight to combine carbon dioxide and water to give all our food and fuel shows the search is not hopeless.

It is necessary to find chemical reactions produced by sunlight which will generate electricity directly or which can store the energy in such a way that it can be recovered at will at a later time. These are difficult conditions to meet. The search should be extended to liquids, solutions, and solids of various types.

New developments in the direct production of electricity by sunlight in special crystals are particularly attractive, but here again the problem is to get material which is cheap enough to cover the large areas that are needed for collecting the sunshine.

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ten different subjects, all on the Colby campus, in New London. In 1950 we started six new meetings on the campus at New Hampton. In 1954 we added eight more at Kimball. Now we hold twelve at each of the three schools. Discussion subjects invariably revolve around the chemical nucleus originated by Doctor Gordon, but the nucleus has off-shoots into physics, statistics, biology, medicine, atomics, metallurgy, ceramics, engineering, communication theory, and even the social sciences.

Because of the unique qualities of Gordon Research Conferences scientists who are once invited usually make a point of applying for another invitation next year. As industry's consciousness of the importance of fundamental research has progressively wakened, more and more applications are coming from privately financed laboratories. While these industrial applicants—with liberal expense accounts behind them—crowd the rolls, fine academic minds—at work in institutions which either cannot afford or do not believe in expense accounts for travel—are dwindling to a dangerously meager trickle. A balance must be restored if industry is not to defeat its own purpose, and the alteration must be accomplished within the traditional limit of 100 delegates per conference if free and leisurely discussion is to flourish.

What the management committee (Arthur Doolittle, chairman; H. E. Carter, Bernard L. Oser, George S. Scatchard, Robert W. Schiessler, and Raymond Stevens) has done to solve this dilemma is to incorporate the Gordon Research Conferences. This new legal entity may receive contributions from which to defray the conference expenses ($6.50 a day for meals, $2.50 to $3.50 for a bed, plus railroad fare) of university scientists who are making valuable explorations on the research frontier. Industry will gain from the work of these scholars ultimately, and top executives of leading corporations have expressed the willingness to form a "brain reserve."

In anticipation of such support (we have received over past years $1,000 each from fifty-eight sponsor companies, we have used $10 from each $20 conference registration fee, we have a $10,000 grant from the National Science Foundation and a three-year grant of $25,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation) I confidently invite applications before next April 1 from any appropriately credited scientist who has a new idea to kick around. I appeal especially to younger men impatient with the long delays that attend final publication of technical papers. Dr. Neal E. Gordon had them in mind a quarter century ago.

The foregoing pages have told how The Gordon Research Conferences push the frontiers of knowledge steadily into the future. This inspiring process has been going on for twenty-five years. But who will man the frontiers of tomorrow? Below are nominations offered by the president of California Institute of Technology in a recent address to the National Committee for the Development of Scientists and Engineers

LET'S STOP HOARDING OUR TALENT

By DR. LEE A. DU BRIDGE

I FEEL that a good many Americans are getting a little sick of hearing the argument that *we* must do this or that just because the Russians are doing it. What the Russians are doing may be very important in deciding what we should do—but to conclude that we must always *copy* what they do may be fatal.

We don't send thousands of people to concentration camps just because the Russians do. Nor do we deprive farmers of their land to fulfil a social theory. And we do not deprive men and women of the comforts of daily living in order that all raw materials, labor, and productive capacity may be devoted to building a military machine. In these and other things which destroy the initiative or freedom or happiness of the people the Russians, you might say, are "ahead of us"—and we are glad of it!

"Being ahead" implies some kind of a race in which the two contestants are on the same track and going in the same direction. If instead they are on different tracks or are headed in opposite directions, who is to say which is "ahead"? For example, the Russians are said to have more submarines than we have. Does this mean we must hurry and build as many submarines as they have? *Not necessarily!* Their submarines are presumably directed at our absolutely vital sea traffic. Their sea traffic may be relatively small and unimportant to them. Hence our submarines would have little to do. What we need is something to kill their submarines.

We hear over and over again the assertion that in the production of scientists and engineers "the Russians are ahead of us."

We might ask—what else can an ambitious young man or woman prepare for in Russia other than science or engineering? There is no great need there for stockbrokers or bond salesmen! For lawyers or bankers or preachers! There are not many opportunities for new business.

We must be conscious of the fact that we cannot build the kind of a society we want unless enough smart youngsters go into business, law, economics, or government. Whatever we do to obtain more scientists must not be done at too great expense to other vital fields or to the freedom of choice of the individual.

Let us turn now to the nature of this shortage of scientists and engineers. I am sure you will hear the opinion expressed that, "since a large fraction of our technically trained people are now engaged on military and atomic-energy projects, therefore as soon as the present cold war is over and the Department of Defense quits spending so much money there will be thousands of engineers out of jobs—and they will again be a glut on the market as they were in 1932."

It is to me perfectly obvious that in ten or twenty years, barring a world catastrophe, we will need twice as large a *fraction* of our working force engaged in science, engineering, and medicine as we have today. The task will be gigantic.

IF WE could improve the efficiency of utilization of the 600,000 men and women already trained and at work in engineering—by only 5 per cent this year—we would thereby add to the effective engineering force as much as all the new graduates of the class of 1956! Can such a thing be done? I think it could—with effort.

In the first place, since shrewd foresight is a great American virtue it is natural for every industrial manager to save up a few dollars for a rainy day—also a few tons of steel or copper or aluminum or oil or whatever he might need. Why not at the same time stash away a few

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engineers too? They'll come in handy if that next big contract does materialize. And, besides, they can be put on the payroll of the other Government contracts in the meantime and so it doesn't cost the company a dime to hang on to them!

How much of this goes on, if any? No one can prove a thing. But many an employed engineer will tell you that this is happening. Besides, it is not illegal—and is indeed just a good example of that old-fashioned virtue of thrift! Only a program of education and propaganda can help, possibly with contract penalties for unreasonable hoarding practices. Companies who have to pay for their own engineers will use them effectively.

Many engineers complain that companies often fail to recognize the difference between engineers and draftsmen. As a result, hundreds of engineers' desks are jammed side by side in warehouse-type buildings amid all the clutter and clatter of typewriters, computing machines and jangling telephones. We must never forget that the kind of engineering we are short of is not routine drafting but the kind of thinking that is elicited fully only under the best physical conditions.

Industry is not the sole culprit. The Government too must take a great deal of blame for inefficiency and incompetent leadership. Furthermore, interservice rivalries and consequent duplication in the military-weapons program, obsolete and cumbersome methods of making choices between rival enterprises or devices, the lack of any machinery for stopping any project that is under way—all these things require ten engineers to do the work of eight or fewer.

I think I have said enough to illustrate the point. But this is only a short-range approach to our problem. It is at the level of the high school—and possibly even more in the sixth to eighth grade—that the really important increases in future supply of trained technical talent is to be found. And here again mere numbers are not the answer.

In the field of manual labor if one man can't lift a stone possibly two or three men can—or a machine can be found to do it. In the scientific or engineering field it is not assured that if one man can't solve a problem then two or three or more can solve it. And certainly no machine will of itself do it. Creative ideas occur in the minds of single individuals.

If the creative minds in high school can be encouraged to go to college—if we can give them more stimulating textbooks, if we can persuade their counselors that scientists are not just technicians who make terrible weapons, if we can bring parents out onto the frontiers of science to see the opportunities which exist for their children, if the whole community can learn to know the scientist not as an absent-minded professor intent on blowing up the world but as the man who has lifted civilization from Dark age feudalism and slavery to twentieth-century liberty and enlightenment—and if the top 25 per cent, say, of the engineering graduates could be encouraged to go on to an advanced degree, with possibly 10 per cent of them pursuing a doctoral degree, the quality of the nation's research and development effort could be substantially improved.

THERE are many serious problems which impede such an effort. When a young bachelor's degree graduate in engineering can go immediately into a job paying him between $400 and $500 a month he must be confronted with powerful arguments to persuade him to decline such offers and to continue his educational career. Industries themselves can stress to graduates the importance of advanced training for those who are competent to profit by it. Both industry and Government can provide additional fellowship funds to assist in reducing the economic barriers to advanced graduate work.

There are also possibilities in developing programs of part-time employment in industry for those who are carrying on graduate work. I

should like to emphasize, however, the dangers of this course. Graduate work, to be valuable in developing creative engineers, is not the type of training which can be provided by attending three classes a week—possibly in the evening hours—and working at a regular job the rest of the time. Research work is not a series of college courses; it is a way of life—a life which must include time for reflection and study.

Another barrier to the expansion and improvement in quality of graduate work in engineering is, of course, the matter of teaching. First-class creative engineers, who are the only ones who can supervise first-class graduate study, are in great demand in industry at salaries which are, quite normally, at least double the salaries available in even the best paid university faculties.

I think it is terribly important that a few institutes or schools of science and engineering—probably mostly private ones—should be encouraged to devote their resources to the sole task of improving quality without trying to grow in size. If, for example, a dozen top institutions could obtain enough additional annual income to bring their faculty salaries to a level (for key people, an increase of 40 to 75 per cent) where the flow of top young people away from teaching could be stopped the country would be repaid many times over.

Only a private foundation could face up to that task. And the $10,000,000 a year which might be required is an enormous sum for any single foundation. In terms of endowment, for example, it would involve a gift the size of the recent Ford gift to colleges —$250,000,000—but this time divided among a dozen or fifteen (instead of over 600) institutions. But with that we could take our capitalistic system more seriously and offer larger rewards for the most important jobs.

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—*Acme.*

By Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, a Gordon Frontiersman, Department of Chemistry and Radiation Laboratory, University of California, Berkeley. High temperature thermodynamics is certainly one specific area where increased activity in basic research might be required. Heat transfer is also in this category. In my opinion a limit to the extent to which atomic power can be used in the future will be set by the ultimate solution to the atomic waste disposal problem. And here, it seems to me, the path for the ideal solution must lie outside of any ideas presently contemplated.

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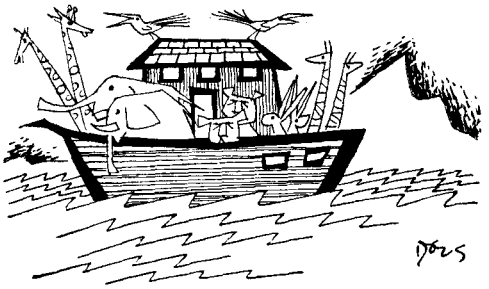
SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE STORY OF THE FLOOD

Science Pins Old Noah Down. An Excerpt from the September Book-of-the-Month



ONE event that occurred at the inception of the early metal age bears a unique relation to the science of the beginnings of the human race. Described in the sixth to the ninth chapters of Genesis, the First Book of Moses, and responsible for the start of the search for Adam 200 years ago, this was the Flood.

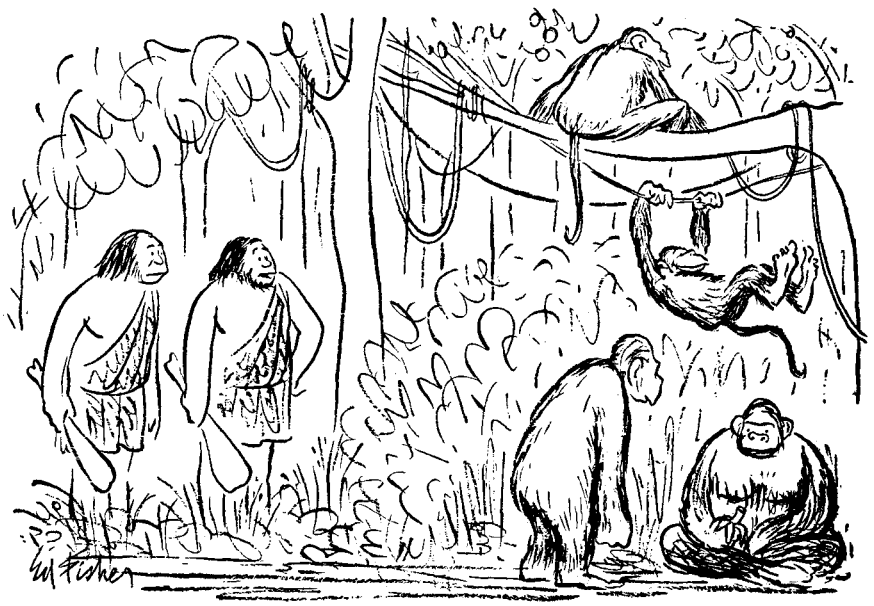
The legend of the Flood, we know today, is based upon an actual occurrence. The great deluge did not indeed burst upon the world in the dawn of humanity, nor did it lay waste whole continents, or by any means exterminate all life on earth except that of the animal and human passengers aboard Noah's Ark. However, it did represent an extremely important intervention in the history of early cultures. For it affected a race of people, whose name it must be confessed we do not know, although results of excavations in Mesopotamia give us extensive proof of their existence. All the evidence shows that they were the real founders of Western civilization.

A local catastrophe in the delta of the Euphrates and Tigris, but nevertheless one of formidable dimensions doubtlessly unique even for that frequently flooded district, made so deep an impression on the civilized minds of that era that the traditions relating to it have remained living to this day. The great Gilgamesh epic of Babylonia and Assyria gives an even more detailed description of it than is given in the First Book of Moses. It destroyed the first and historically the most important of all the Near Eastern cultures known up to that time. The destruction was indeed not complete, for Noah's contemporaries were already acquainted with ships. They and their civilization were thus enabled to escape utter annihilation and thereafter to lay the foundations of a new cultural development, traces of which can still be discerned today.

Is all this merely a hypothesis? No. We now have just as much documentary evidence of the Flood as we have of the series of ancestors of Man. Archeologists have given the working designation of "Sumerians," derived from the ancient rule of Akkad and Sumer in Mesopotamia, to the people who experienced the catastrophe. Proofs of a high level of Sumerian civilization between 5,000 and 6,000 years ago, in the shape of finely wrought gold ornaments and jewelry, chariots, and other magnificent works of craftsmanship, have been brought to light since 1927 in the so-called "Graves of the Kings" at Ur, especially by the English archeologist Sir Leonard Woolley. It was established that the Sumerians had already possessed eminent doctors, lawyers, astronomers, and mathematicians, while the rest of the world "was still sunk in the depths of barbarism," as Woolley puts it. He considers the Sumerians the predecessors of all civilized peoples. "The importance of their culture lies in its having been one of the first forces making for progress in the world."

In the deep layer of cultural relics below the soil of Ur, Woolley suddenly came upon a deposit of clay some seven feet thick which made an abrupt break in the ascending scale of cultures. It was an unmistakable inundation-layer, undoubtedly caused by a great flood. The clay contained no ashes, ornaments, or tile fragments. Historians and archeologists are convinced that it constitutes a clear trace of the cataclysms of which the Bible states: "And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man." After the waters had subsided cultural evolution was at once resumed, as is also disclosed by the soil of Ur. The man Ut-napishti (corresponding with Noah in the Bible), who steered his vessel to the mountains that had escaped the flood, symbolizes Sumerian energy and genius. The primitive Bedouins beyond the boundaries of the Sumerian settlement were probably for the most part drowned.

IT IS stated that the Flood was a Divine judgment. This opinion becomes intelligible on a close study of the finds at Ur. We are confronted in the graves by an advanced civilization of a gruesome kind, terrible in its dimensions, shocking in its perversity. War chariots rumble over human bodies, hecatombs of men and women are sacrificed to their deified masters. Each king's grave not only contains the body of the monarch but also the remains of brutally massacred warriors, attendants, musicians, slaves,



"Man, we really *are* in the sticks!"

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girls. "There were tyrants upon the earth in those days," states the Bible, "and the earth was corrupt before God's eyes and full of wickedness."

NOAH'S people, according to their own traditions, had reached Mesopotamia by ship long before the Flood. Archeology shows distinct evidence of trade connections between Sumeria and the Indus Valley.

The Sumerians have bequeathed to us one document that completes the circle of our observations and also illuminates the record of generations in the Bible. It is the chronology of the human race enshrined in the "lists of kings." Unfortunately, this chronology has only come down to us at second hand, fancifully metamorphosed and embellished by a Babylonian. It states that the epochs from the creation of mankind until the Flood make up a period of 465,000 years—an assertion which has a rough agreement in the findings of modern research. For anthropologists and prehistorians also assume a period of about 500,000 years to have elapsed between the first appearance of early man in Europe and the Near East and the inception of the age of metal. According to the Babylonian version of the Sumerian lists of kings only ten rulers reigned during the whole of this long epoch, a number that corresponds with the ten patriarchs of the Bible from Adam to Noah. Consequently each of these rulers apparently attained an average age of forty-five thousand years.

We may assume that the "rulers" were intended to refer to some dim notions of earlier epochs. Ideas regarding the growth of humanity which had once been grasped and raked together in meditation, by conjecture, and by early science were later given permanent form in the shape of legendary kings and reconstituted as a saga. And at a still later time, when the Mosaic story of creation originated, the text of the "chonology" underwent a further revision, in which each of the ten patriarchs since Adam was given a slightly less fantastic age of nine hundred years.

When we look up the references to the antediluvian patriarchs, the descendants of Cain and Seth, the separate stages of human evolution revealed by prehistoric research impose themselves of necessity upon our attention. We find Lamech, through whom the crime of Cain is passed on; we find Jabal, whose tribe built the first huts and bred the first cattle; Tubal-cain, the "artificer in brass and iron"; and Jubal, the first artist, from whom the "harp and organ" come. The later patriarchs, too, are distinguished by similar features. Does not every word that relates to Nimrod, the "mighty hunter before the Lord," inevitably recall the great slaughterers of game who lived in the Late Ice Age and postglacial period? Does not the figure of Enoch symbolize the first beginnings of ritual and religion? And does not the story of the hairy Esau, who sold his birthright for a "mess of pottage," suggest once more the earliest of mankind? The mythology of the Mesopotamian cultures has left us yet another piece of poetic evidence. In the greatest of the Babylonian epics the "god-man" Gilgamesh kneads the furry human being Wabani from an animal that has eaten forest plants and drunk with wild beasts. Then Gilgamesh sets out with Wabani to conquer the world.

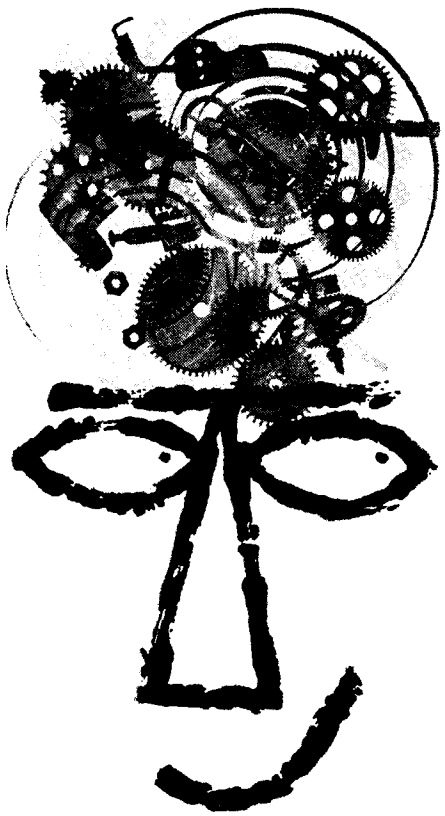
THE epics, legends, and chronologies prove that the dwellers in Mesopotamia had some inkling of the essential features of what modern Western science has ascertained of the origin and growth of mankind. These people determined the motions of the moon and the planets to within a few fractions of a second of the results calculated by our modern astronomers, and their mathematics operated with figures higher than those used in the West until the seventeenth century.

The excavations that provided our evidence for the Biblical Flood bridged a gulf which had separated the opinions of the learned for centuries. The statements of Genesis were substantiated by the findings of scientific research. The shell of legend revealed a kernel of truth. That Western humanity has looked to the highly significant events which took place in the early part of the age of metal between the Euphrates and the Tigris as the true start of its history is no more surprising than the fact that the enormous periods preceding that epoch almost wholly disappeared from the memory of man. We know today that the Flood was not a worldwide catastrophe. If did not take place in the dim days of early antiquity when Man first began to evolve, but at the opening of the Bronze Age, when civilization flourished between the Euphrates and the Tigris—almost at the same time as may be calculated with the aid of Biblical sequences of generations.

History before that date has been bequeathed to us in the form of myths and symbols. It lasted during those 465,000 years of the Sumerian chronology which the hairy beast-man Wabani took to become the builder of the ark: Ut-napishti.

—HERBERT WENDT.

("In Search of Adam" to be published Aug. 20 by Houghton Mifflin, $6.50).



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8-4

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

ATOMIC EVOLUTION

RELATIVE TO THE DANGER in increasing exposure to radioactivity, you quote in this week's *SR* (July 7) the report of the National Academy of Sciences:

> The total radiation peril was described as two-pronged: (1) shortened lives for the living generation and (2) genetic mutations that will bequeath to future generations weak eyesight, lowered resistance to infection, mental debility, and other unpredictable deficiencies.

I have no argument with prong one, but could not prong two have just as well read: Genetic mutations that will bequeath to future generations strong eyesight, raised resistance to infection, increased mental strength, and other unpredictable improvements?

It seems to me that the scientists are taking the position that mankind is perfect today and that any changes can only be for the worse. Is it unhuman to think, too, that one positive genetic change might well offset thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of negative genetic changes?

RAYMOND D. SMITH,
Cats Magazine.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To answer the last question, it is not only human but it is one of the evolutionary principles of Nature that one positive genetic change is worth thousands of negative changes. Nature in fact tolerates many negative changes in order to get the benefit of a few positives. This process would soon wreck the race, however, if Nature did not have some way of getting rid of the excess negatives. The method is to allow the negatives to kill themselves off, either by killing the individuals who carry the unfavorable mutations or preventing those individuals from giving birth to new generations of unfavorable mutations. While this elimination of humanity's bad eggs goes on the good eggs thrive and reproduce at a relatively faster rate because they are healthy and so maintain an equilibrium between good and bad. And this is precisely the reason why mutations created by atomic radiation are almost always harmful. The atomic mutations are no different from the normal mutations; nature is producing them on the same old scheme of many bad ones to get a few good ones. It takes only a very small added load of bad ones to throw the equilibrium out of balance and start the race downhill.*

CONTINUED STORY?

RE: PAGE 33, July 7 issue, SCIENCE SECTION. A Different Conclusion—an insert printed between pages of Dr. Bengelsdorf's article.

The word conclusion, it seems to me, is the wrong word. It should be A Different *Statement*, since conclusion has not been reached within the scientific controversy. The conclusion will become real fact when the divergent phenomenon begins the act of nuclear chain reaction, or the trigger. Then, I suppose, that will be the conclusion of all of us human beings, scientist, man of humanities, and lay person alike.

HELEN SILVER.

Los Angeles. Calif.

A-WEATHER

IT WAS A REAL PLEASURE reading the article by Doctor Irving Bengelsdorf in your July 7 issue. I was especially pleased because I had come out with something along the same lines about two years ago. Enclosed is a letter which I sent to *The New York Herald Tribune, The New York Times, Fortune, U. S. News,* U. S. Weather Bureau, and the Atomic Energy Commission, as well as three experts in the subject of Meteorology.

WALTER G. BOWERMAN,
Assistant Actuary,
New York Life Insurance Co.

New York, N. Y.

SAME FELLOW

IT'S A SMALL HAIR to split with a busy editor, and in any other publication it might be pardonable . . . but the RESEARCH IN AMERICA editor would do well to research his literature as well as his science before he chooses his similes. Or maybe he knows an archy I never met.

The archy I know wrote his correspondence *to* Don Marquis, *about* mehitabel. Writing was such a painful process for the ex-vers libre bard that I doubt if he ever wrote to anyone he could talk to, and I doubt that the former Cleopatra could read anything but hieroglyphics, anyhow.

wotthehell!

JANE B. SCHNEDEKER
and mehitabel II.

Chicago, Ill.

X-RAY DANGERS

IF DANGER EXISTS in a small dental X-Ray why are all teachers of the New York City school system (plus janitorial staff, kitchen staff, etc.) obliged to submit to chest X-rays *every two* years? Is this safe?

M. GOLDHAMME.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In answer to a reporter's question at the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, D. C., on June 12, Dr. Warren Weaver, chairman of the Academy committee on genetic effects of atomic radiation said: "Obviously, X-ray examination and X-ray treatment are absolutely essential under many circumstances. . . . In the past . . . we have been rather profligate about using X-rays. We have used X-rays in many instances where the medical importance was zero. . . . In the past these things have not seemed so important to us. Now they seem important. So it is clear that the medical profession will want to re-examine* all of their procedures *which involve the use of X-rays and see whether they are medically justified or not."* (*Emphasis mine. J. L.*)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1167

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First professor of meteorology at Harvard (1861-1912); dovekie.	57 50 48 133 19
B. In baseball away from one of four positions where one should be (2 wds.).	1 180 130 121 143 111 174
C. French physicist who shared Nobel Prize with the Curies (1788-1878).	175 58 192 86 17 185 81 7 92
D. Surroundings.	110 125 5 140 161 16 102 139 9
E. Worthlessness; vulgarity.	116 193 37 69 168 29 6 147 59 97 67
F. Male head of a household; paterfamilias (2 wds.).	195 40 95 114 118 191 170 61 187
G. Socially smart or fast (comp.; slang).	15 22 56 181 165 148 129 156 80 137 36 28
H. Facing the fury of a gale or storm (3 wds.).	82 2 89 49 120 98 43 155 108 171
I. What the sleepy little creature at Alice's mad tea-party really was.	55 46 136 41 32
J. Holder of world's record for 1500-meter race (1954).	23 104 60 75 123
. Pertaining to certain Indians of SW U.S. and Mexico (the way some people pronounce a *homo sapiens*!).	144 87 117 190 138

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Famous English racecourse (2 wds.).	66 173 194 54 105 44 158 189 94 25
M. British sculptor (H. W. Beecher in Hall of Fame, etc.; 1860-1936).	62 99 88 83 76
N. February 23, 1633 for Samuel Pepys.	176 12 157 188 33 126 38 63
O. Short and pithy sentence expressing a general truth.	150 151 128 149 10 26 79 72
P. Distinguished English painter, official artist Brit. armies, W. W. II.	65 53 127 73 152 31 20 39 115 106 162
Q. Headlands of soft limestone (2 wds.).	52 184 164 3 134 154 24 74 64 51 18
R. Specifying a highly poisonous mercury compound used to destroy parasites.	153 113 42 179 103 30 186 166 122 45
S. Dextral, bottom ends of things (2 wds.).	70 132 84 109 14 159 178 34 13
T. Whence the declarer plays the last card on the first trick in bridge (4 wds.).	124 35 21 160 141 8 182 145 68 91 78 107
U. Abuse of one's political opponents.	131 96 101 90 167 71 112 183 100
V. Unsymmetrical.	177 93 47 85 146 163 172 142
W. Natural ferments.	77 27 119 4 11 135 169

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 B	2 H	3 Q	4 W	■	5 D	6 E	7 C	■	8 T	9 D	10 O	11 W	12 N	13 S	■	14 S
15 G	16 D	17 C	18 Q	19 A	■	20 P	21 T	22 G	23 J	24 Q	■	25 L	26 O	27 W	28 G	29 E
■	30 R	31 P	■	32 I	33 N	34 S	■	35 T	36 G	37 E	38 N	39 P	40 F	41 I	42 R	43 H
44 L	■	45 R	46 I	47 V	48 A	49 H	■	50 A	51 Q	■	52 Q	53 P	54 L	55 I	■	56 G
57 A	58 C	59 E	60 J	61 F	62 M	63 N	■	64 Q	65 P	66 L	67 E	68 T	■	69 E	70 S	71 U
72 O	■	73 P	74 Q	75 J	76 M	77 W	78 T	■	79 O	80 G	81 C	82 H	83 M	84 S	85 V	■
86 C	87 K	88 M	89 H	90 U	■	91 T	92 C	93 V	94 L	95 F	■	96 U	97 E	■	98 H	99 M
100 U	■	101 U	102 D	103 R	■	104 J	105 L	106 P	107 T	■	108 H	109 S	110 D	■	111 B	112 U
113 R	114 F	115 P	116 E	■	117 K	118 F	119 W	120 H	■	121 B	122 R	123 J	124 T	125 D	126 N	■
127 P	128 O	129 G	■	130 B	131 U	132 S	133 A	134 Q	135 W	136 I	137 G	138 K	139 D	■	140 D	141 T
■	142 V	143 B	144 K	145 T	■	146 V	147 E	148 G	149 O	■	150 O	■	151 O	152 P	153 R	154 Q
155 H	■	156 G	157 N	158 L	159 S	160 T	161 D	162 P	163 V	■	164 Q	165 G	■	166 R	167 U	168 E
169 W	■	170 F	171 H	172 V	■	173 L	174 B	175 C	176 N	177 V	178 S	■	179 R	180 B	■	181 G
182 T	183 U	■	184 Q	185 C	186 R	187 F	188 N	■	189 L	190 K	191 F	■	192 C	193 E	194 L	195 F

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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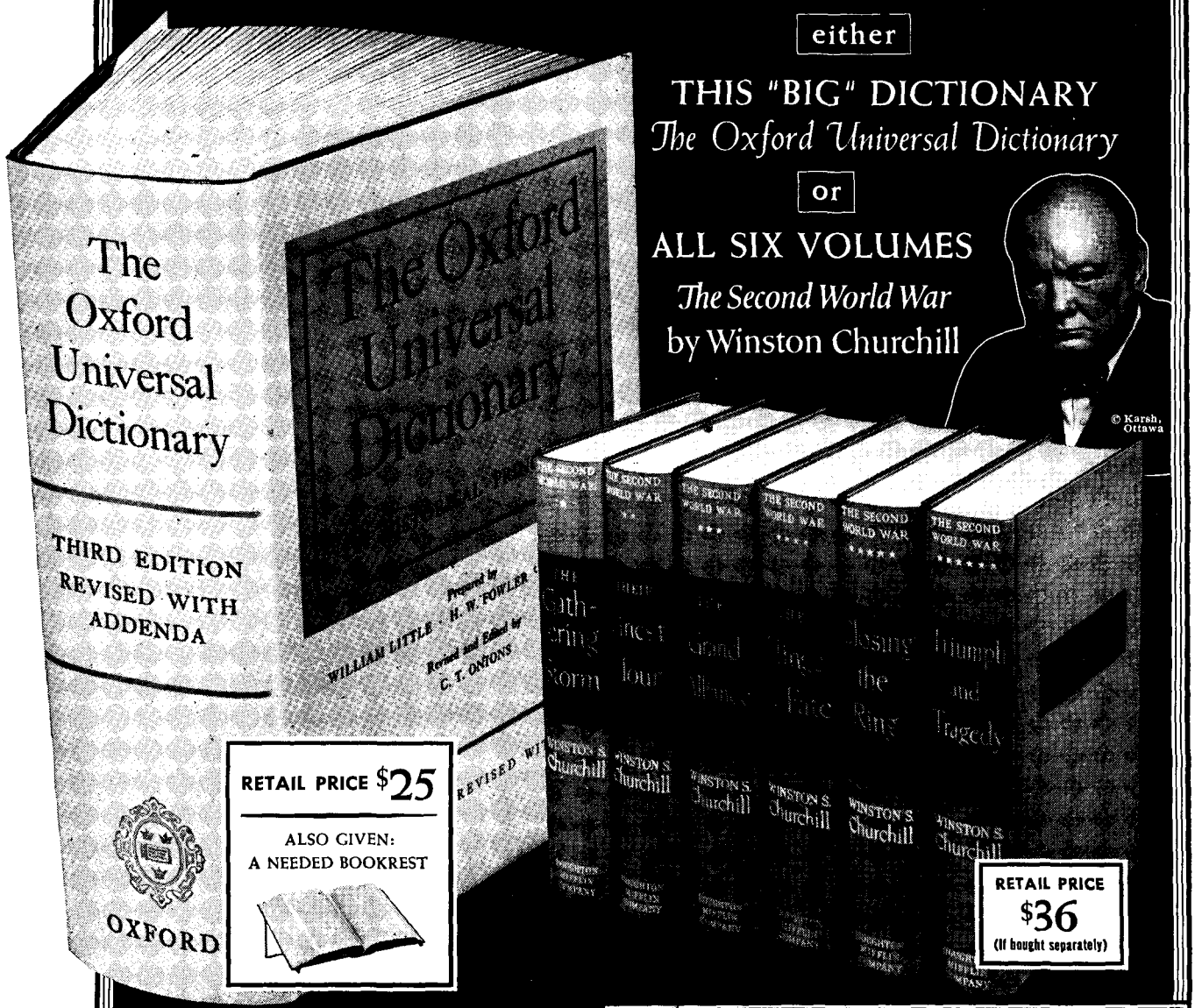

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